

# THE MONTH

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# SCRIPTURE MANUALS

FOR

## CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Edited by the REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

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## Carnival.

"LET us eat and drink for to-morrow we diet" has been aptly suggested by *Punch* as a motto for Shrove Tuesday. As in many another witticism there is a common sense, or at any rate a knowledge of human nature underlying the fool's jest which is often lacking in the ponderous wisdom of your learned professor. And when there is question of "ponderous wisdom," commend me by preference to the erudition of the high priests of the newly-invented science of Comparative Religion. I have chanced lately to come across some of their utterances concerning this same Carnival season and the Lent that follows. Is any apology needed for devoting a few pages to the exposition and discussion of the startling theories set forth by authorities whose lightest word it is the fashion to regard as almost beyond appeal?

Be this as it may, here is the account of the Carnival which may be read by any inquirer in the pages of *The Golden Bough*, the well-known work of Dr. J. G. Frazer, the folk-lore prophet of Cambridge. It is necessary to condense it or it would fill a quite disproportionate amount of space, but I will endeavour as far as possible to keep to the actual wording of the original.

The famous festival of the Saturnalia, Dr. Frazer tells us, which fell in December, the last month of the Roman year, was popularly supposed to commemorate the merry reign of Saturn, the God of sowing and of husbandry, who ruled in peace in the fabled Golden Age. War, avarice and slavery in those happy days were alike unknown. But at last the good god, the kindly king, vanished suddenly, but his memory was cherished to distant ages, and shrines were reared to his honour.

Yet the bright tradition of his reign was crossed by a dark shadow, his altars are said to have been stained with the blood of human victims, for whom a more merciful age afterwards

substituted effigies.<sup>1</sup> Of this gloomy side of the god's religion there is little or no trace in the descriptions which ancient writers have left us of the Saturnalia. Feasting and revelry and all the mad pursuit of pleasure are the features that seem to have especially marked this carnival of antiquity as it went on for seven days in the streets and public squares and houses of ancient Rome from the 17th to the 23rd of December.<sup>2</sup>

The most notable feature of this time of revelry was the licence granted to slaves and those in a dependent position. The distinction between the free and the servile class was temporarily abolished. The slave might rail at his master, intoxicate himself like his betters, nay even, the masters actually changed places with the slaves and waited upon them at table. Further, in the mock kingship for which the freeman cast lots, the person who enjoyed the royal title, issued commands to his temporary subjects, in obedience to which they were content to sing, to mix the wine, to dance, or to undergo a series of penalties, like those of a modern game of forfeits.

Remembering that all this licence was supposed to be an imitation of the state of society in Saturn's time, Dr. Frazer proceeds to argue that the king chosen by lot must be looked upon as the representative of Saturn himself. In illustration of this he particularly appeals to the story of the martyrdom of Dasius, a Christian soldier at Durostolum, in Lower Mœsia, in 303, at the very beginning of the persecution of Diocletian. According to the Acts preserved to us in a Greek version of the sixth century, the soldiers of the Roman legions, quartered in Mœsia, celebrated the Saturnalia each year "by choosing by lot from amongst themselves a young and handsome man, who was then clothed in royal attire to resemble Saturn."<sup>3</sup> Thus arrayed, he went about in public with full licence to indulge his passions and gratify every desire, but when the thirty days were up, and the festival of Saturn had come, he "cut his own throat on [*sic*] the altar of the God whom he personated."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dion. Halicar. *Ant. Rom.* i. 38; Macrobian. *Sat.* i. 7, 31; Lactant, i. 21; Arnobius, ii. 68.

<sup>2</sup> Frazer, *The Golden Bough* (2nd Edit. 1900), vol. iii. p. 139.

<sup>3</sup> I am afraid that Dr. Frazer must take the entire responsibility of this bull. How they chose a young and handsome man by lot he alone can explain. The text certainly says that the victim was chosen by lot, and that he personated Saturn, but it says nothing about his being young and handsome.

<sup>4</sup> Here again Dr. Frazer improves upon his original. The complete Greek text says that he came before the "unspeakable and shameful idols," and leaves it doubtful whether he cut his own throat or was beheaded. Two abridgments, however, assume the former alternative.

At Durostolum in 303 the lot fell upon a Christian soldier, one Dasius. He refused to enact any such part and was accordingly beheaded on Friday, November 20th, of that year.<sup>1</sup>

This account [Dr. Frazer remarks] sets in a new and lurid light the office of the King of the Saturnalia, the ancient Lord of Misrule, who presided over the winter revels at Rome in the time of Horace and Tacitus. When we compare this comic monarch of the civilized metropolis with his grim counterpart of the rude camp on the Danube and with the array of similar figures who passed before their time to a violent death we can hardly doubt that in the King of the Saturnalia at Rome, as he is depicted by classical writers, we see only an emasculated copy of that original whose strong features appear in the Martyrdom of St. Dasius.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Frazer then proceeds to argue that:

Since the custom of putting a mock King to death as a representative of a God cannot have grown out of a practice of appointing him to preside over a holiday revel, whereas the reverse may very well have happened, we are justified in assuming that in an earlier and more barbarous age it was the universal practice in ancient Italy, wherever the worship of Saturn prevailed, to chose a man who played the part and enjoyed all the traditional privileges of Saturn for a season and then died, whether by his own or another's hand, whether by the knife, or the fire, or on the gallows tree, in the character of the good god who gave his life for the world. In Rome itself and other great towns, the growth of civilization had probably mitigated this cruel custom long before the Augustan age and transformed it into the innocent shape it wears in the writings of the few classical writers who bestow a passing notice on the holiday King of the Saturnalia. But in the remoter districts the older and sterner practice may long have survived, and even if after the unification of Italy, the barbarous usage was suppressed by the Roman government, the memory of it would still be handed down by the peasants, and would tend from time to time, as still happens with the lowest forms of superstition among ourselves, to lead to a recrudescence of the practice, especially among the rude soldiery on the outskirts of the empire over whom the once iron hand of Rome was beginning to relax its grasp.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Greek text of these Acts has been printed by F. Cumont in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, vol. xvi. (1897), pp. 5—16. Cf. also the evidence of a later cultus of St. Dasius supplied by Cumont in another article in the same *Analecta*, vol. xxvii. (1908), pp. 369—373.

<sup>2</sup> *The Golden Bough*, iii. p. 141.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 142.

One wishes to let Dr. Frazer speak for himself that one may do him no injustice; and yet there is no writer to whom it is more difficult to show this courtesy. He spins out his constructive fabric at quite interminable length, heaping up words which have apparently no other object but to distract attention from the weak places in his logic. For example, in this context, other authorities by no means think it necessary to assume that the self-immolation of the personator of Saturn was a part of the primitive Latin *Saturnalia*. On the contrary, M. Parmentier, who was the first to vindicate the historical exactitude of the story of Dasius, quotes a number of oriental analogies to show that the execution of the mock king was an Eastern institution of which the best known example is that connected with the Persian Sakaia. M. Parmentier's sober and well-documented train of reasoning leads him to the conclusion that as the traces of this barbarous practice appear primarily in Babylonia, Persia, Asia Minor, and other lands where Asiatic influence was predominant, it came to be simply grafted on to the Roman *Saturnalia* as a sport peculiar to the Roman legionaries. Thus in this view, it was not originally Roman, but introduced by the contingents recruited in the East. It is at any rate noteworthy, as he observes, that it is only with the Empire that the *Saturnalia* begins to be remarked upon as an important element in military life; that is to say, just at the epoch when the orientals who were drafted into the Roman legions introduced a mass of new religious observances into the traditions of the army. It seems that there is no country which preserves so many traces of Mithra-worship as *Mœsia*, though this certainly was not a native cult.<sup>1</sup> May we not regard it as highly probable that the legionaries were responsible for this importation?

All this story is recounted by Dr. Frazer, not for the interest of the topic in itself, but with a very definite ulterior purpose. He is anxious to show that the modern Carnival is identical with the ancient *Saturnalia*, but he has to face the difficulty that the *Saturnalia* were assigned by the Romans to a fixed date at the end of December [the festival seems practically to have lasted a week under the Empire, beginning with December 17th] whereas the Carnival is a variable feast falling in February or the beginning of March. Against this, Dr. Frazer argues as follows:

As the Carnival is always held on the last three days before

<sup>1</sup> See Parmentier in the *Revue de Philologie*, xxi. 147 (1897).

the beginning of Lent its date shifts somewhat from year to year, but it invariably falls either in February or March. Now if the Saturnalia, like many other seasons of licence, was always observed at the end of the old year or the beginning of the new one, it must, like the Carnival, have been originally held in February or March, at the time when March was the first month in the Roman year. Hence . . . it could be no matter for surprise if in the rural districts of Italy the ancient festival continued to be celebrated at the ancient time, long after the change of the calendar had shifted the official celebration of the Saturnalia in the towns from February to December. . . . So the old feast of Saturn, under the modern name of the Carnival, has reconquered the cities and goes on merrily under the eye and with the sanction of the Catholic Church.<sup>1</sup>

This recognition of the Saturnalia as a spring festival is confirmed, Dr. Frazer considers, by the fact that Saturn was originally a rural deity, and that he is to be looked upon as the old Italian God of sowing and planting, while the orgiastic character of the festival is thoroughly in keeping with this idea since

the husbandman may have believed that by cramming his belly, by swilling and guzzling, just before he proceeded to sow his fields he thereby imparted additional vigour to the seed.<sup>2</sup>

Further, the modern Carnival, as it is kept in the rural districts of Italy, France, Germany, and many other countries, constantly ends with a burlesque immolation, by burning, drowning, or burying, of some effigy dressed up to represent the spirit of the Carnival. Our authority fills many pages with descriptions culled from various sources of these scenes of revelry ending in a mock tragedy. He tells us, for example, how in the Abruzzi a pasteboard figure of the Carnival is carried by four grave-diggers, with pipes in their mouths and bottles of wine slung at their shoulder-belts. In front walks the wife of the Carnival dressed in mourning and dissolved in tears. There is a speech in memory of the deceased before the mimic corpse is laid upon the funeral pyre. In other cases the Carnival is personified by a living man or a boy. For example, we learn from him that:

In Upper Brittany the burial of Shrove Tuesday at the Carnival is sometimes performed in a ceremonious manner. Four

<sup>1</sup> *The Golden Bough*, iii. p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 145.

young fellows carry a straw man or one of their companions, and are followed by a funeral procession. A show is made of depositing the pretended corpse in the grave, after which the bystanders make believe to mourn, crying out in melancholy tones: "Oh my poor little Shrove Tuesday!" The boy who played the part of Shrove Tuesday bears the name for the whole year. At Lesneven in Lower Brittany, it was formerly the custom on Ash Wednesday to burn a straw man covered with rags, after he had been promenaded about the town. It was followed by a representative of Shrove Tuesday<sup>1</sup> [*sic*] clothed with sardines and cods' tails.<sup>2</sup>

Finally having thus established the Saturnalia to his satisfaction as a spring festival, Dr. Frazer goes on to suggest that the Christian Lent has grown out of the revelry of the Carnival, and not *vice versa*, as we have hitherto been led to suppose:

In modern times the indulgence of the Carnival is immediately followed by the abstinence of Lent, and if the Carnival is the direct descendant of the Saturnalia, may not Lent in like manner be merely the continuation under a thin disguise of a period of temperance which was annually observed from superstitious motives by Italian farmers long before the Christian era? Direct evidence of this, so far as I am aware, is not forthcoming, but we have seen that a practice of abstinence from fleshly lusts has been observed by various peoples as a sympathetic charm to foster the growth of the seed, and such an observance would be an appropriate sequel to the Saturnalia, if that festival was, indeed, as I conjecture it to have been, originally held in spring as a religious or magical preparation for sowing and planting.<sup>3</sup>

And in another part of the same work, Dr. Frazer writes:

When we observe how widely diffused is the belief in the sympathetic influence of human conduct, and especially of the relations of the sexes on the fruits of the earth, we may perhaps be allowed to conjecture that the Lenten fast, with the rule of continence, which is still, I understand, enjoined on strict Catholics during that season, was in its origin intended, not so much to commemorate the sufferings of a dying God, as to foster the growth of the seed, which in the bleak days of early spring the husbandman commits with anxious care and misgiving to the bosom of the naked earth.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He must mean Lent or Ash Wednesday.

<sup>2</sup> *The Golden Bough*, ii. 78, and 3rd Edit. Part iii. p. 229.

<sup>3</sup> *The Golden Bough*, iii. p. 146.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 214.

It appears then that we are mistaken in supposing that Lent was an ecclesiastical institution; this is only another pagan superstition which the Church has appropriated. One is glad to pay tribute in this instance to Dr. Frazer's moderation of tone in propounding his theory, but I am afraid that we cannot safely infer that he regards it as a mere conjecture. This writer's hypotheses, once stated, have a tendency to reappear not as hypotheses, but as dogmas scientifically established.

Moreover, there is something beyond. Dr. Frazer so far has merely hinted his thought, but M. Reinach has dotted the *i's* and stated it in language which is only a little ambiguous.<sup>1</sup> The English scholar having "proved," as we have seen, that the Saturnalia is really a spring festival, M. Reinach points out that the institution of the pretended king, mocked and put to death, supplies an explanation of the scenes which tradition ascribes to a certain Passover-tide of the governorship of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem. The purple garment, the crowning with thorns, the mocking of the victim, and His death upon a gibbet, are just a mythical element borrowed from pagan folk-lore which may or may not be about as real as the burning of Carnival in effigy, but which in any case are to be classed in the same order of ideas. Even M. Reinach does not venture to express his thought quite unmistakably, but he manages well enough to convey to his readers what is in his mind.

Now what are we to say to all this?

First that the whole edifice is built up *a priori*, without any reference to easily ascertainable facts. It would seem in the case of many of our folk-lore dogmatists that they become so accustomed to elaborating theories from the slenderest materials<sup>2</sup> (without any fear of being pulled up, as in other sciences, by adverse data or the failure of practical experiments), that they resent the very idea of checking their hypotheses by an appeal to the records of history. If all written documents had perished from the time of St. Paul

<sup>1</sup> See Reinach, *Cultes, Mythes et Religions*, i. pp. 332—341; cf. Reinach, *Orpheus*, (Eng. Trans.), pp. 229—232.

<sup>2</sup> To take but one illustration, all sorts of inductions are constantly being based on the reports of travellers; which often means this, that a big-game hunter lives for a few weeks among a savage tribe of whose language he knows little or nothing, and then publishes a book with a study of their religious worship and convictions to eke out his scanty material. What are such observations worth?



to that of St. Francis, one could conceive oneself listening patiently to Dr. Frazer's explanation of the origin of Shrovetide and Lent, and thinking, though even then with many misgivings, that there might possibly be something in it. But our theorist does not happen to be dealing with pre-historic observances like the human sacrifices among the Aztecs or the burial customs of the aborigines of Peru, but with a practice of educated Europeans, observed, disseminated, and controlled by the very men, *i.e.*, the ecclesiastics, to whom we owe nine-tenths of the abundant literature which was written down during even the darkest times of those first twelve hundred years. We know all about the fast of Lent. The allusions to it, if they were all gathered together, would fill great folios. To take a single illustration. Beginning as early as A.D. 329, some twenty-five years after the martyrdom of St. Dasius, as described above, we find St. Athanasius sending out year after year his annual paschal letter, defining exactly when the forty days' fast is to begin, exhorting the people to make a proper preparation for the great festival of Easter, and urging upon unwilling ears the duty of compliance with a universal Christian custom.<sup>1</sup> He does not tell them that their pagan neighbours will also be fasting, he does not hint that their crops will be benefited by the practice of continence, he does not suggest that the dwellers in towns and the more educated classes generally, are to fall in with the more austere practice of the rustics, but he recurs again and again to the example of our Saviour and Moses and Elias, he sets before them the need of making themselves worthy to keep the great fast, he quotes endless passages from the Old Testament and the New. Can any one in his sober senses urge that this is how a pagan survival establishes itself in the Church, and that at a time when paganism in its grossest form seemed to be fighting a battle with Christianity throughout the Roman Empire upon almost equal terms?

These, for example, are the words in which St. Athanasius makes the announcement in his third letter, belonging to the year 331:

The beginning of the fast of forty days is on the 5th of Phamenoth (March 1), and when, as I have said, we have first

<sup>1</sup> These letters were regularly despatched by him for more than forty years. We do not possess the full text of all, but we have summaries of many of those that have perished. For some few years St. Athanasius was prevented by political disturbances from sending out his usual pastoral.



been purified and prepared by those days, we also begin the holy week of the great Pasch on the 10th of Pharmuthi (April 5), in which, my beloved brethren, we should observe more prolonged prayers and fastings and watchings, that we may be enabled to anoint our lintels with precious blood, and so escape the destroyer. We cease fasting then, on the 15th of Pharmuthi (April 16), when we hear from the Angels in the evening of the seventh day of the week, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? for He hath risen."<sup>1</sup>

So again he says in 347:

We begin the fast of forty days on the sixth day of Phamenoth (March 2); and having passed through that properly with fasting and prayers, we may be able to attain the holy day. For he who regards lightly the fast of forty days, as one who rashly and impurely treadeth on holy things, cannot celebrate the Easter festival. Further, let us put one another in remembrance, and stimulate one another not to be negligent, and especially that we should fast those days; so that fasts may receive us in succession and we may duly bring the feast to a close.<sup>2</sup>

Neither was St. Athanasius the only one who wrote such letters, many of them long documents of eight or ten printed pages. His successors, Theophilus of Alexandria (Archbishop from 385 to 412), and St. Cyril of Alexandria (Archbishop from 412 to 444), also despatched similar Lenten pastorals, some specimens of which still survive.

Furthermore, as Dr. Frazer's theory supposes that Lent grew out of the Saturnalia as a sort of reaction, and not *vice versa*, this necessarily implies that already within twenty-five years of the first edict of toleration, the Saturnalia, which we know to have been kept then in Rome as a fixed feast in December, had given rise to a variable fast. Yet the fast did not begin until at least a month after the Roman Saturnalia were over, and changed its date every year, according to a highly complicated rule ultimately depending on the moon. One has only to go through St. Athanasius' letters to see that the beginning of Lent varied from year to year then, just as it does now with us, and in accordance with a decision of the Council of Nicea, it was left to him as Patriarch of Alexandria, where astronomical studies were believed especially to flourish, to determine the date of Easter, not only for his own

<sup>1</sup> St. Athanasius, *Festal Letters* (Eng. Trans.), Letter III. (331), p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> St. Athanasius, *19th Festal Letter*, written in the year 347. (Eng. Trans.), p. 130.

people in Egypt, but also for Rome and the rest of the Christian world. Moreover, it was after he had visited a great part of the West in the course of his exile, that in 338 he wrote to his suffragan Serapion:

But, O beloved, whether in this way, or any other, exhort and teach them (the people of Egypt) to fast forty days. For it is even a disgrace that when all the world does this, those alone who are in Egypt instead of fasting should find their pleasure.

Even though there was considerable diversity of practice as regards the manner of observing the fast and counting the forty days, it is absolutely impossible in the face of language like this to doubt that such a forty days' Lent was generally kept. The Apostolic Constitutions and numerous other documents speak of the fast of our Saviour as the model which all are to imitate, and the few surviving letters of Archbishop Theophilus determine the precise day on which the fast is to begin and end, exactly as St. Athanasius does.<sup>1</sup> But all this while, and until long after the fourth century, the Saturnalia were still kept upon the 17th of December and the following days, as is clearly shown in the joint pagan and Christian calendar of Polemius Silvius of the year 449 A.D., which Mommsen has edited in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*.<sup>2</sup> So far as I know, there is not a shred of positive evidence to support the idea that in any part of the world, however remote and barbarous, a feast of Saturn was kept in the spring. None the less, Dr. Frazer would have us believe that this unrecorded pagan celebration, our very belief in which is contingent upon the hypothesis that it may possibly have lingered on in remote districts, was so much a part of the lives of the people that it swept the whole Church along with it, and converted men like St. Athanasius, St. Cyril of Alexandria, and St. Leo the Great, into its ardent champions, until it became accepted as an ecclesiastical ordinance of the strictest kind. It seems to me that no circle-squarer or believer in Baconian cyphers ever propounded a crazier hypothesis than this Lenten theory of the high priest of English Hierology.

<sup>1</sup> They were translated by St. Jerome and may be found among his works. Migne, *P.L.*, xxii. 773—828.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. I. Part 1, Second Edition, 1893. In the note which Mommsen has added (*ibid.* p. 337), there is not a word to countenance the idea of the Saturnalia as a primitive spring feast. On the contrary, he insists that the celebration of the Saturnalia proper was confined to one day. Cf. Wissowa, *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, München, 1904, pp. 159, seq.

Neither is there anything more plausible to be advanced in favour of his identification of the Carnival with the Saturnalia. To begin with, there is the same fundamental difficulty, viz., that it is a pure and unwarrantable assumption to suppose that the feast of Saturn was ever kept in spring. The martyrdom of St. Dasius, as already pointed out, took place in a remote locality upon the confines of the Empire, but so far as it was connected with the Saturnalia, it proves that the Saturnalia were celebrated in Mœsia in December, just as they were in Rome itself. Again it is an equally unwarranted assumption to suppose that the Persian feast of the Sakaia was in any way to be identified with the Italian Saturnalia merely because the mockery and execution of a king was a feature in both. Even if the identification were otherwise probable, an insuperable difficulty remains in the fact that the Sakaia was an August festival.<sup>1</sup> M. Reinach, for his own convenience, calmly assumes that it occurred in spring, but, as Père Lagrange has pointed out, the one ancient authority who speaks plainly upon the subject, viz., Berosus, assigns it unhesitatingly to August.<sup>2</sup> A further detailed discussion would take us too far, but it may be observed that this lack of positive evidence of any kind finds poor compensation in Dr. Frazer's expression of his private opinion that the Saturnalia was the kind of feast which suited the idea of the sowing and germination of the seed—as if all the sowing were done in spring.

This paper would never end if one attempted to sketch even in outline all the arguments which might be urged against our folk-lorist's extravagant hypothesis. But there is, perhaps, no point which better deserves consideration than the silence of the guardians of the Faith. The early Christian writers make no protest against any such spring festival of pagan origin as our authority supposes to have been the forerunner of the present Carnival. The patristic literature of the sixth and following centuries, and even the liturgy itself rings with the strenuous battle which the Church maintained against the pagan observances of the first of January, "the Calends."<sup>3</sup> Why should she have

<sup>1</sup> On the Persian character of the Sakaia, see Conybeare, *Monuments of Early Christianity*, pp. 258, 259.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes on the "Orpheus" of M. Salomon Reinach*, translated by Father C. C. Martindale, p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> Some details will be found in the Appendix to Abbot Cabrol's *Origines Liturgiques*, but it would be easy to compile a whole volume of extracts on the subject.

accepted the supposed spring Saturnalia without a trace of protest—the more so that the Saturnalia is assumed to have been the most licentious of festivals, and that there is no pretence, such as we know to have existed in the feast of the Circumcision, of converting the Shrovetide excesses into a religious celebration.

The fact is that the whole of Dr. Frazer's theorizing is utterly superfluous. The Carnival explains itself perfectly, and it becomes the more intelligible the more fully we are able to enter into the conditions of mediæval life under which it originated. We cannot in these days of dispensations form any idea of what Lent meant in the centuries of its strict observance. From Ash Wednesday onwards, meat was not only not sent to table, it could not even be bought. The hours of meals in many households changed, and so did the hours of church services. The altar in the church itself was veiled from the sight of the people. Nothing could be more natural than that the laity, before plunging into this new and penitential regime should allow themselves some preliminary compensation. It would have been much more marvellous if there had been no such development. The simple domestic necessity of consuming the meat already cooked, of using up the milk and eggs while it was lawful to do so (that of course is the explanation of our traditional Shrove Tuesday pancakes), would alone convert the day into one of feasting, and eating almost inevitably means drinking, while drinking implies disinclination for work and a readiness for whatever frolic or dissipation may be forward.

Again, the name given to these days never conveys the least suggestion of any perpetuation of the feast of Saturn. It is both in French and German the fat Tuesday (*Mardi gras*), or our English *Shrovetide* (confession season), or the German *Fastnacht* (eve of the Fast), or the familiar *Carnival*, which the Oxford Dictionary, in accordance with every other serious authority, considers can only come from *car-neur levare*, the taking away of flesh.<sup>1</sup>

But what of the mock royalties and masquerading, and the burning or drowning in effigy which undoubtedly, for many centuries past, have marked this celebration in Italy, France, Germany, and most parts of the Continent?

May I confess that it seems to me utterly misleading

<sup>1</sup> The derivation from *currus navalis* seriously suggested by C. Rademacher in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* is quite ridiculous.

to press such analogies too far. The vague traditions of a primitive impersonation of Saturn and of the immolation of the mock king are, at best, very doubtful. While all of us, probably, who have any slight acquaintance with folk-lore studies, would be willing to bear witness to the extraordinary persistence of old-world ideas, jests and stories, it is at least equally worthy of remark that these ideas and traditions are easily transferred from race to race, and from one occasion or feast to another. There is no science in which the scholar, if he be really honest in his search for truth, is so often called upon to make confession of his ignorance. It is vain to ask: Is this or that custom primitive or imitated? There is nothing to tell us, no man really knows. Of course this is very uninteresting. It is much more entertaining to weave a plausible fiction, as Dr. Frazer does, by declaring all things in which he perceives analogies to be fundamentally identical, and by carefully leaving out of account any elements which would tend to interfere with the preconceived theory. Dr. Frazer apparently assumes that wherever we have a mock king put to death we are in touch with a primitive feast of Saturn. To me it seems infinitely more probable that when such an idea as the inversion of the functions of master and servant, or the election of a mock king, or the burning, drowning, or burying of some abstraction in effigy, has once "caught on" amongst people in a primitive state of culture, there is a constant tendency to graft this particular form of frolic on to every other festive celebration, though entirely different in character and origin. Nothing can be more certain than that the procession of Corpus Christi did not come into existence until the thirteenth century, and yet it attracted to itself, as our records abundantly show, every possible kind of sport and dramatic interlude, for the most part utterly out of harmony with the purpose of the feast.

Two illustrations occur to me which might be much developed, but which must be given here concisely. The first has a bearing upon the theory, which Dr. Frazer expounds through many pages, that the figure of Carnival which in so many parts of Europe is, or was formerly, maltreated, mocked and finally destroyed, represents a survival of the grim human sacrifice of a primitive Saturnalia. Now, to my thinking, one might say with the same amount of truth, that the Guy Fawkes of our London streets on November 5th is every bit as sug-

gestive of prehistoric rites of immolation. The idea of burning a man in effigy undoubtedly arose from some perception of the vindictive satisfaction to be derived from committing his living person to the flames. But once the idea has taken root, it surely is liable to be applied to any person and to any occasion. A similar example is afforded by the custom which prevailed during the middle ages in many cathedral and collegiate churches of solemnly burying Alleluia on the eve of Septuagesima.<sup>1</sup> Alleluia was represented in effigy, or by a living boy, or by a top which was whipped out of the church, and there was often an elaborate burial service. At Easter, of course, Alleluia came to life again. Will Dr. Frazer claim this as another trace of the profound world consciousness of the mysteries of Adonis, Attis, and Osiris, explaining what he is pleased to regard as the "myth" of the Resurrection? To me, the burial of Alleluia illustrates nothing more than the childlike joyousness of the mediæval religious spirit, and is as lacking in profound significance as the playfulness of a kitten.

Again Dr. Frazer is satisfied that the Carnival must be identified with the Saturnalia on account of the licence of the Carnival season and fraternization of all orders of the people. But then where are we to stop? In the later middle ages we find that on the vigil of the Epiphany, for example, there was a similar election of a Lord of Misrule, who on this occasion was known as the *Roi-boit* (king drinks), or *Roi de la jève* (king of the bean), this last because he was elected by putting a bean in the cake, which conferred royalty on him who received that portion. Was this also a survival of the Saturnalia? I give, for curiosity's sake, an account of this curious custom from a sixteenth century author:

There has crept in amongst us, not in one church alone, but as a common practice of the whole country, a most depraved custom (*turpissima consuetudo*), that on this vigil (of the Epiphany), men and women, ecclesiastics and lay folk, should all gather together for a most abundant and sumptuous supper, that before supper they should draw lots for a King and appoint a Queen, that they should also in accordance with the number of the guests, distribute various courtly offices, and that then when the King and Queen have taken their seats in the place of honour, at every draught that they take throughout the meal, all the other guests should shout in a stentorian voice, "The King drinks" or "The Queen drinks." If any one fails to cry out in

<sup>1</sup> See *Lent and Holy Week*, by the present writer.

this way, he has to pay forfeit, for example, to have a mark made upon his face with ink or some other black stuff, and in this way they spend the whole night in drinking and dancing and all kinds of buffooneries. And the account which these boorish people give of the custom, if they are asked, is that when the Magi first came into the presence of the Divine Infant, they found Him taking the breast, whereupon, they all cried out together, "The King drinks."<sup>1</sup>

But of similar customs sometimes emphasizing one side, sometimes another, of the idea which is put before us by Dr. Frazer as the impersonation of Saturn, there was an infinite variety, which cannot be considered here.

To conclude this rather rambling paper; the reader, one trusts, will not carry away the idea that there can be a wish on anyone's part to vindicate the Carnival as an ecclesiastical institution, or to palliate in the least degree the scandalous excesses by which it was constantly disgraced. Upon this point—though only so far as I know in the later middle ages—ecclesiastical ordinances often spoke in terms of the severest condemnation. But while every argument, whether of historical fact, or of logic and common sense, sets the Carnival before us as a period of licence and excess, engendered by the popular apprehensions of the privations imposed during the penitential season of Lent which immediately followed, the attempt of such writers as Dr. Frazer to see in it nothing but the survival of a pagan religious feast, illustrates forcibly the perversity by which so many exponents of the science of Comparative Religion now-a-days seem to deny to the Christian Church the power of originating anything whatsoever, even though it be an abuse as unlovely as the orgies of the Carnival. But this attempt to prove that the Christianity of the Roman system is nothing but a congeries of effete superstitions is, I venture to submit, itself utterly unscientific both in principle and method. If I have devoted so much space to it here, it is because this particular attempt to assign to the Carnival an existence independent of the fast of Lent seems to me a *reductio ad absurdum* of the attitude of mind peculiar to this school of folk-lorists.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Van der Haer, *Antiquitatum Liturgicarum Arcana*, Douai, 1605, vol. i. p. 188, and cf. J. Deslyons, *Traitez singuliers et nouveaux contre le paganisme du Roy-Boit*, Paris, 1670. The custom was known in most parts of France and also seemingly, in England and Scotland at the Reformation period.



## *The System of the Stars.*<sup>1</sup>

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IN the history of any science the progress of the ideas and concepts upon which our knowledge is founded is of absorbing interest. And not least so in astronomy, the oldest of all the sciences, which, founded upon the sure basis of arithmetic and geometry, successively annexed the sciences of mechanics and dynamics, and in these later days has gathered under its mantle the whole domain of physics. There are two main branches of the science, the older, which is called gravitational astronomy, and which deals as its subject-matter with the movements, the distances, and the masses of the heavenly bodies, and the modern branch, which saw its inception with the application of the telescope to astronomical observations at the beginning of the seventeenth century by the illustrious Galileo and his contemporaries, and has been immeasurably advanced in these latter days by the advent of the spectroscope and of the photographic plate. This branch, which has received the name of astrophysics, deals mainly with the appearances and the constitution of the denizens of the sky, though even their movements do not escape the delicate test of spectroscopic analysis. From the concept of a flat earth, the early philosophers, especially those of the Greek and Alexandrian schools, advanced to an idea of its sphericity. In fact as early as 250 B.C. we find Eratosthenes of Alexandria conducting a series of measures between two selected stations at Alexandria and Syrene, in Upper Egypt, so as to obtain an idea of its size. His result, that the circumference of the earth was a quarter of a million stadia, is unintelligible, and untranslatable into modern units of measurements, because of our ignorance of the length of a stadium. But the earth, though spherical, was immovably fixed as the centre about which the sun, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars revolved, situated as some

<sup>1</sup> Presidential Address delivered before the Preston Scientific Society, January 25, 1912.



imagined, in a series of spheres, which, as they moved one over the other, made most beautiful music. The music is still there, in the rhythmic and orderly movements of the celestial orbs under the compelling force of universal gravitation, but it is of a higher order, not appealing to the senses of the gazer into the depths of the skies, but to his imagination, to his sense of beauty, and above all, to his intellect. "The heavens are telling of the glory of God." But even the fixity of the earth was doubted by some philosophers, for its rotation and revolution were maintained by Philolaus and Aristarchus, and the doctrine received a rude shock by the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes by Hipparchus, a century and a half before the Christian era. The authority of Aristotle, that giant among the brilliant intellects of the human race, was, however, thrown into the opposite scale, and for centuries to come the earth was to be regarded as the fixed centre of all celestial movements. And yet the brighter stars, those wanderers of the sky, the planets, moved independently of the spheres which carried them in their diurnal motion round the earth. It was then that Ptolemy, who flourished at Alexandria about the year 140 A.D., came to the rescue, and by his ingenious system of deferents and epicycles, was enabled to give a reasonable geometrical theory of the movements of all the known planets, including the sun and the moon, around the fixed and immobile earth. It was not until Nicholas Copernicus (1473—1543), the Canon of Ermeland, had had the audacity to contradict, as he himself expresses it, "the received opinion of mathematicians, and almost the authority of common-sense" by the publication of his book, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* (On the Revolutions of the Orbs of Heaven), the first printed copy of which he received on his death-bed, that the earth was dispossessed of its pride of place as the central orb of the celestial sphere. And yet neither Copernicus nor his doughty champion Galileo could prove their position. All that could be said in its favour was, that it was more probable that the earth revolved, than that the whole of the heavens turned about it. All phenomena then known could be equally accounted for upon either the Ptolemaic or the Copernican hypothesis, although when men began to scan the face of the skies with telescopes, and saw that the sun, the moon, and several of the planets rotated on their axes, the argument from analogy came to lend its weighty aid in favour of

Copernicus. It was not until nearly two centuries later, when in 1726 Bradley discovered the aberration of light, or the apparent displacement of the stars, due to the combination of the motion of the light emitted by them, and the motion of the observer, that a satisfying and clinching argument in favour of Copernicus was given. At the same time the doctrine had by then been almost universally accepted by astronomers, and had led to the discovery of the law of the motions of the planets round the sun by Kepler, and the explanation of his empirical laws by the illustrious Newton, as the natural consequences of the universal law of gravitation. A pretty experiment which actually shows the rotation of the earth to the eye, was devised by the ingenious Foucault, and set up in the Pantheon in Paris in the year 1851. Those who are curious in these matters may study a replica of the experiment in this very hall, or with very little trouble devise one for themselves.

Our earth then, with its attendant planets, forms one family, gyrating in orderly succession of distances around a central sun. The original plane of reference, the flat earth, has given place to the plane which contains the sun and the path of the earth round it, and which projected on the background of the starry firmament is called the ecliptic. Community of sense of rotation on their several axes, community of sense of revolution around the centre of attraction, the sun, and above all, approximate community of plane of revolution irrefragably indicate a common origin and a family bond of union for all the members of our own system. Its dimensions, if measured in miles, are enormous. Mercury, the nearest of the planets, is at a mean distance from the sun of thirty-six million miles, while Neptune, the furthest from the centre, is 2,800 millions of miles away. Our own earth is 92,800,000 miles from the sun, a distance which would be covered by an express train travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, uninterruptedly day and night, in 175 years. Reduce the scale in imagination so that the diameter of the earth's orbit is one inch, that of Neptune would be more than five feet. For such distances we must use a unit of measurement that bears some relation to their magnitude. The unit chosen is that of the distance of the earth from the sun, so that on this scale Mercury is four-tenths, Venus is a little more than seven-tenths, Mars is one and a half, Jupiter is over five, Saturn nine and a half, Uranus nineteen, and Neptune thirty units from the centre of the system.

And yet our sun is but one among a host of suns. How many may they be? Let us begin with those visible to the naked eye. In a clear, moonless sky, the whole number at any period of the year visible in both hemispheres, is nearly six thousand. Very small optical power will bring numerous others into view. A small opera glass, with a lens one inch and a half in diameter will probably show 100,000. Argerlander, in his wonderful map of the stars north of the celestial equator, has given the positions of more than 300,000. His telescope had an object-glass two inches and a half in diameter. The object-glass of the giant Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, near San José, California, has a diameter of thirty-six inches. The number of stars visible by its aid is most probably over 100,000,000. For purposes of arrangement the stars are divided into classes according to their intensities of illumination, called magnitudes. The original classification is due to Hipparchus and Ptolemy, and is perfectly arbitrary, the lowest magnitude visible to the naked eye being the sixth. Approximately the stars of each magnitude are about two and a half times brighter than those of the next lower magnitude, so that 100 of the sixth magnitude, the lowest visible to the naked eye, equal the luminosity of one of the first. Now it has been found that, in any direction the stars being uniformly distributed, the number of stars of any magnitude is roughly four times the number of those in a grade one higher. But this star-ratio is not maintained as we descend in the scale of magnitudes, the average for stars of magnitude seven to eight being nearer three, and that of magnitude twelve to thirteen being nearer two, than the theoretical number four. Were the stars of indefinite number this would not be the case, which is one proof that our modern instruments have penetrated even to the uttermost limits of that larger family of which our sun is but one unit.

A learned and holy ecclesiastic of the writer's acquaintance once addressed his hearers in the following words: "Astronomers tell us that the stars are thousands of miles away," and then correcting himself, as if he had been much too incautious, he added, "that is, some of them." For gauging the distances of the numbers of our own planetary system, we use, as we have already described, a unit of measurement which is the distance of the earth from the sun. By such means the numbers we have to express are reduced to reasonable terms. But such a measuring rod would be altogether inadequate when we proceed to estimate the distances

of other suns besides our own. Parallax is the apparent change of direction of a distant body due to the real change in the position of an observer. If the stars are observed with a change in the position of the observer equal to the length of the earth's radius, there is no change in their directions as projected upon the vault of the heavens. It is only when the base from which the observations of directions are made equals the distance of the sun from the earth, in other words, when the selected star is observed from both ends of the diameter of the earth's orbit, that a minute change is detected by refined methods of angular measurement in the two resulting directions of the star. If such a change can be observed it is proof that the earth revolves round the sun, and hence this irrefutable argument in favour of the Copernican hypothesis had to wait for its realization very nearly three hundred years after Copernicus had enunciated his theory. The annual parallax of a star is the angle subtended by the distance of the earth from the sun, when seen by the "man in the star." Such a parallax of only one second of arc would represent a distance in miles which would be greater than nineteen billions. Yet there is no star that has a measurable displacement which would be large enough to be represented by such a parallax. Our nearest neighbour is a star, which is one of the brightest in the Southern hemisphere, and which has a parallax of 0.76 seconds of arc. As Mr. Eddington has shown in his address on "Stellar Distribution and Movements," delivered at the last meeting of the British Association, if we take a sphere of radius corresponding to a parallax 0.2", or in other words, a mighty sphere with the sun as centre and a radius of ninety-five billion miles, such a sphere would contain only seventeen other suns in addition to our own. To put this matter of stellar distances in another way. Light travels across a diameter of the earth's orbit in 990 seconds, and takes only eight minutes approximately to span the distance from the sun to the earth. It is the swiftest moving entity of which we have any cognizance, its rate of motion being 186,000 miles a second. It would travel from the sun to the outermost planet of our system, Neptune, in four hours, but it takes four and a half years to come from our nearest neighbour sun, *α Centauri*, to our eyes. It has been computed, I know not how, that all the spinning mills in Lancashire make daily a thread of cotton which is 155 million miles in length. At the same rate of working they would take 460 years to make a thread which

would reach to the nearest fixed star. To come from Sirius, incomparably the brightest of all the fixed stars, light takes nearly nine years, and ten years are consumed in the journey from Procyon. We have spoken of a mighty sphere with a radius of ninety-five billion miles as containing but seventeen suns, in addition to our own. Light would span that radius, immense as it is, in sixteen years. Let us in imagination extend the boundaries of our circumscribing sphere so that it contained one million fixed stars. According to the researches of Professor Kapteyn, of Gröningen, one-seventh of these stars would be more luminous than our sun. Light would traverse the radius of this sphere in 500 years. But we are yet far from exhausting the tally of the stars. Some 99,000,000 have still to be accounted for. According to Eddington there is a distance when their density has appreciably diminished, and at which there are some premonitory signs of approach towards the limits of the system. But even this step would not have been attained until light had travelled for 1,600 years. When then should we reach the actual limits of the system of suns which constitutes our universe? I quote from the late Professor Newcomb's book on *The Stars*:

The boundary of our universe is probably somewhat indefinite and irregular. As we approach it, the stars may thin out gradually. The parallax at the boundary is probably nowhere greater than 0.001" and may be much less. The time required for light to pass over the corresponding interval is more than three thousand years.

In this connection it will be interesting to recall the statement made by the late Lord Kelvin, in his luminous address before the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow in 1901, that in an immense sphere of this radius, the total mass of contained matter, which would dynamically account for the known proper motions of the stars, would amount to 1,000 million times the mass of the sun. Kapteyn, however, from modern researches, and his opinion is a weighty one, would place the confines of our system ten times further off, the last "sentinel stars" of the system being at a distance of 30,000 "light-years."

In the determination of the distance of the stars from the sun, the base-line utilized for the purpose of showing any change of direction is, as we have seen, the diameter of the earth's orbit. With such a base-line the parallaxes of some

hundred stars are known, subject to the limits of instrumental errors. It is probable that none of the parallaxes are true within one-fiftieth of a second of arc, which would correspond to the angle subtended by the edges of a penny viewed at the distance of sixteen miles. This probable error affects parallax angles even in the second place of decimals; for instance, the parallax of the pole star being  $0.08''$  or over forty "light-years" distant, the probable error is one quarter of the whole amount. And yet we have, in describing the distances of the stars, made use of parallaxes of one thousandth and one ten-thousandth of a second of arc, corresponding to three thousand and thirty thousand light years. It must be evident that such distances could not be possibly gauged by a change of direction of the stars when viewed from both ends of the diameter of the earth's path round the sun. But have we no means of obtaining a still longer base-line? We have, due to the motion of the sun, attended by his family of planets, towards the constellation of Hercules, a motion first detected by Sir William Herschel. A century and a half has elapsed since Bradley determined for the first time the positions of many stars with the precision needed for modern astronomical researches. Since the date of Bradley's star catalogue, the whole solar system has moved a distance which would be represented by the hundredth part of a "light-year." But owing to the individual proper motions of the stars themselves, it is evident that the two different points of view after the lapse of 150 years of any star group, form, if we might use a photographic analogy, a blurred picture. Nevertheless, we may reasonably suppose that the centre of gravity of any cloud of stars viewed at this immense distance has remained constant, though the individuals have moved. Hence, to quote from Professor Kapteyn's lecture, delivered in 1908, before the members of the Royal Institution:

We shall be able to determine the average distance of the members of any arbitrary group of stars, provided that we can find the motion of the solar system, both in amount and in direction, relative to the centre of gravity of the group. Now, astronomical observations such as those which led the elder Herschel to his discovery of the solar motion through space, enable us to determine the direction of the sun's motion relative to such groups as stars of the third, fourth, &c., magnitude. Spectroscopy enables us to determine the amount of that motion. We must be able, therefore, to find out the average distance of the stars in these



groups. For other groups, such as the stars having an apparent centennial motion of 10", 20" &c., there is a difficulty. Still, however, we have succeeded in overcoming this difficulty by a somewhat indirect process, and pressing into service the stars of which the individual distances are known. This, then, is the upshot of astronomical work on the distances. By direct measurement we know the distance of some hundred individual stars. For the rest we know the average distance of any fairly numerous groups of stars of determinate apparent magnitude and apparent motion.

Conspicuous among the glories of the starry firmament are the clouds of stars which constitute what is known as the Milky Way. These clouds form a luminous belt which surrounds the heavens nearly in a great circle.

A broad and ample road whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
Powdered with stars.<sup>1</sup>

So Milton sings. The Milky Way is not, however, of uniform width or brightness, nor yet is it constituted by a single stream throughout its whole course upon the celestial vault, but divides into two nearly parallel streams from the constellation Cygnus to that of Scorpio. It is also, as the beautiful photographs of Professor Barnard have shown, crossed by dark lanes and spaces, possibly absorbent clouds of dark matter excluding its light from our eyes. In particular, in the southern hemisphere, near the Southern Cross and in the constellation of Centaurus, there is a dark, pear-shaped region known as the "coal sack." It may be that these luminous clouds of stars lie on the boundary of our system. But this can be said with certainty, that this glorious ring of clouds of stars lies in the central plane of the whole system of stars. The observations of Sir William Herschel, in his famous star gauges, which were continued for the southern hemisphere by his son, Sir John, indubitably lead to this conclusion. The stars have a greater density, independently of the luminous clouds of the Milky Way itself, as approach is made to the galactic circle, and progressively so, from its poles to its circumference. As Professor Newcomb states the matter: "If we should remove from the sky all the local aggregations of stars, and also the entire collection which forms the cloud-forms of the Milky Way, we should have left a scattered collection, constantly increasing

<sup>1</sup> *Paradise Lost*, vii. 573, 577.

in density towards the galactic belt." We must therefore change our reference plane from the one that sufficed for the study of the planets and their motions, that of the ecliptic, to one that is far vaster and which is bounded by a circle which is the mean or average of the star-clouds of the Milky Way. This is the "galactic plane," "the ground plan" in Herschel's words "of the sidereal system." This plane divides the sky into two almost equal halves, from which it follows that our sun and his attendant planets lie fairly close to that plane. Again we notice that, roughly speaking, there is an equality of brightness of the star-clouds of the Milky Way all round its periphery. From this we conclude that we are situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of the centre of the visible universe; our sun is a member of one of the star-clouds that occupy this central position. Any further assertion, as to our sun occupying a unique position among all his congeners, would be unwarranted in the present state of astronomical knowledge. But the facts that we have stated with regard to the reduction of the star density as we advance from the galactic circle towards its poles, and also the gradual falling-off in the star ratio, or factor which gives the ratio between the number of stars of any magnitude and that of the succeeding magnitude, already adverted to, lead to the conception of the universe of stars as flattened into a lenticular form, our sun occupying a position in the median plane, and not far removed from its centre. Ptolemy placed the earth at the centre of the planetary system, modern astronomers give it a far more dignified position as near the centre of the whole congeries of stars.

Ptolemy imagined the earth to be fixed, and circumscribed by ten spheres, or regions of space, not necessarily of solid matter, the successive spheres of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Outside of these was the Firmament, or *Coelum Stellatum*, in which are set the fixed stars. Then came the Crystalline Sphere, and last of all, the *Primum Mobile*. These two latter spheres were not included in the original category, but were added later, the Crystalline Sphere by its supposed swaying or "trepidation" being used to explain the phenomenon of the precession of the equinoxes; and the *Primum Mobile* to communicate motion to the nine inner spheres, which were immovable without it. It was a solid sphere, otherwise Chaos would break in on the world, and total Darkness would ensue.

Their order is set forth by Milton in the lines in which in



*Paradise Lost*<sup>1</sup> he describes the passage of the departed souls from earth to Heaven:

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,  
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
The trepidation talked, and that First-moved.

To the mind of the modern astronomer, nothing is fixed, nothing is stable. The earth is carried round the sun while rotating on its own axis, and meanwhile the sun and all the attendant planets are rushing through space, as first determined by Sir William Herschel, and amply confirmed by modern researches, at the rate of about twelve and a half miles a second. The stars are moving, for a comparison of their places, as set down by Bradley in his catalogue of 150 years ago, with the positions determined in modern catalogues indicates, what indeed the telescopic eye alone could see, that they have changed their relative positions. The light they send us is also in motion at the enormous velocity of 186,000 miles a second. We therefore view the stars from a moving platform, and, moreover, one that is wobbling or swaying, as was predicated by the Greek philosophers of the Crystalline Sphere. This wobbling motion causes the pole of the earth to describe a circle in the skies about the fixed pole of the ecliptic. The period is about 25,800 years. At present the pole points to a spot about one and a quarter degrees from the bright star in the tail of the Little Bear, which is now the Pole Star. At the time when Hipparchus constructed his catalogue of the stars it was twelve degrees further removed, and in about 12,000 years hence the brilliant star Vega will serve as the pole star. This is the condition which involves that the sun appears to cross the equator and go north a little later every year. The phenomenon is due to the attraction of the sun and the moon upon the redundant ring of matter at the earth's equator, owing to its departure from the truly spherical state, and which projects above the true contour of a sphere. But the sun and the moon are not always pulling at the earth's excrescence in the same way, as they change their positions with regard to the plane of the earth's equator in definite periods. And so the circle traced by the pole among the stars, is in the form of a wavy curve with 1,400 waves in the circumference, which is completed in the 25,800 years. The stars are evidently affected in their relative positions by these motions of the earth, so that before we can detect their proper motions we must eliminate their change of position due to the swaying and moving plane of

<sup>1</sup> III, 481-483.

observation. Light has an enormous velocity, and yet not so great but that it can be combined with the motion of the observer carried on the earth round the sun at the rate of about eighteen miles a second. Thus is caused an apparent displacement of a star when observed at any moment which is called aberration. Again, as the sun moves off towards the constellation of Hercules with his attendant planets, the stars in front apparently open out, those behind close up, while in other regions of the sky they drift backwards. But man could live a hundred years and more, and not detect these apparent movements in the stars with the unaided eye, except that displacement due to precession. In taking count, therefore, of star movements, they must be corrected for all these reflected displacements, which are in reality terrestrial. But there still remains a proper motion inherent in the stars, and it is one of the triumphs of modern astronomy to have been able to unravel it. More than this, some groups of stars, as for instance, the Pleiades "tangled in a silver braid," have a common proper motion and are moving in a flock. But what of the rest? Are their motions at random, as in the case of the individual members of a cloud of insects. It appears not. For the researches of Kapteyn, Eddington, Dyson, and Halm have demonstrated the high probability that at least in the case of the stars nearest to our own star cluster, there exist two great streams, each stream endowed with a common velocity and a common direction relatively to the sun.

Look then at this magnificent array of starry orbs scattered over the celestial vault. They speak to us of immensity by their distances, they speak to us of power by their numbers, they speak of glory by their lustre, they speak of wisdom by their orderly arrangement, of beauty, of magnificence, of majesty. Their contemplation fills us with wonder, with amazement, and compels us to break forth in words of admiring praise. But is our praise and glory to be terminated in them alone, beautiful though they be, but still inanimate and lifeless matter. *Benedicite Dominum stellae coeli*—"Let the Stars of Heaven bless the Lord," cried the three children in the fiery furnace, for they are a credit to the great God who made them and disposed them in their orderly courses, He alone Who is Immensity, Who is Power, Who is Wisdom. Truly as Lord Kelvin declared: "If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to believe in God, which is the foundation of all religion."

A. L. CORTIE.

## *Two Irish Idylls.*

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### I. WHEN THE MIST ROLLS IN FROM THE SEA.

A SEA fog hid the mainland; it hid the bay and the headlands to the west and east; it clung cold and dripping about the rocks and the hill, and about the man who made his way past the coastguards' cottages.

It was thirty years since John Kavanagh had taken that path by the quay and up the hill. So long a time of absence gave him a feeling that he revisited the scene of another life. This was natural enough; an unfathomable gulf divided the anxious eager boy who had looked his last on the home of his childhood from the prosperous business man who had come with more curiosity than sentiment to his native place.

In spite of the cold sea mist, the desolation of this headland of North-West Ireland, John Kavanagh felt warm with complacency. The remembrance of that lanky boy who had taken a forlorn farewell of rocks and sea brought him satisfaction. The boy had crossed the Atlantic and had evolved into a person of presence and importance, a man whose life was eminently worth while.

He stood with his face turned towards the Donegal mountains. The mist hid them, but he knew in his heart their forms and their majesty. He had loved Slieve League in the old days, its aloof dignity had made him dream of heights that he might climb. Now after thirty years he realized that his mountain had been climbed.

Not only fortune but social success had come to him. He smiled as he recalled with what awe he had once regarded the Castle and old Sir Brian Blake, the landlord of the headland. He had been proud to hold a horse for Sir Brian or to open a gate for Lady Blake. He had been sent, he remembered, by his mother with eggs to the Castle. He had on these occasions gone humbly to the back door, and even the cook and the butler had been great persons in his eyes.

And now—how different was his lot. The reigning Sir Brian was his host and he was the honoured guest. The cook and the butler served him, and he did not deign to consider them. Of course they knew his origin, but what of that? He stood for success. He was self-made, but that self commanded respect, even in this land where rank always receives its poetic value.

A path straggled up the headland among gorse bushes and boulders. The village, consisting of a few low cabins, lay at the top of the hill. The dusk had fallen early, for it was December, but Kavanagh knew the path by instinct.

His thought as he walked was of the quality of Irish atmosphere, that strange dream sense of unreality that lurks in it. It was this, he said to himself, that keeps the Irishman from success in his own land, it was this that sends him across the Atlantic to find vigour and hope in American air.

It was at this moment that he heard the thin sound of a bagpipe, it seemed to come wailfully from the shore below the cliff. Kavanagh stood still. Could it be old Christy, he wondered. Christy had been devoted to his bagpipes thirty years before this. He had been blind and eccentric then, it was likely that he had not changed.

Kavanagh shouted to him and heard again the desolate keening of the pipes. Then there was silence for a while, and presently the sound was close to him in the mist.

"Is that you, Christy?" Kavanagh asked, seeing a dim form.

"It is so," came the answer.

"Do you know me?"

"Why wouldn't I? Isn't it young John Kavanagh you are?"

"Not *young* John, Christy."

Kavanagh laughed and went on up the hill, Christy behind him.

"Thirty years haven't changed you or your ways, Christy," Kavanagh said at last, after he had reflected on the great gulf that he had put between himself and the old peasant.

Christy sighed.

"An' why would it?" he asked.

"Oh! well, progress counts, doesn't it?"

"Maybe. They say you're the great man now, John, no doubt you're the wonder of the world."

Kavanagh laughed pleasantly. He pitied old Christy.

They had reached the village, and the shadowy old man paused in the mist before a cabin door.

"Let you come in awhile, John," he said.

Kavanagh followed him. The place was so dark that he could see nothing but a smouldering fire of sods. Christy pushed a stool towards him and he sat down. There was silence. The dream-like feeling that the misty windless air had brought him, took further possession of Kavanagh's mind. He felt as though he too were unreal, a mere being of thought and memory, a wraith of his substantial vigorous self. He spoke at last, turning towards Christy, though he could not see him in the darkness.

"How different our lives have been, Christy," he said; "I have had all the luck, haven't I?"

"You will have money, I'm thinking," said Christy, but he spoke indifferently.

"I have. Money buys a good deal."

"Does it buy you a clean life an' a good death?" the old man asked.

"It buys you a comfortable life and a fine funeral."

"An' what will it do then?" asked the piper.

"It will go to my son—if I have one."

"An' what way will yourself be in the damp cold earth, an' your naked soul travelling all the ways of the world to find peace? Is it money you'll be taking those times, John Kavanagh, an' you with ne'er a pocket to be putting your hand into itself? If that's all yourself has got in the thirty years we've a right to pity you."

Kavanagh laughed. It seemed impossible to gain a common ground of thought where he could meet this blind old man.

"What should one work for but money?" he asked.

Christy sighed.

"You would not be understanding if I said it," he answered slowly, "for it's long thoughts I do have the time I'm climbing the hill or sitting down on the shore with the big waves bursting on the rocks, for there's nothing in it those times but myself an' the sea an' God, an' there's no need for words when you're speaking to Him. Doesn't He know without it? Ah! you'd need to be Christianable in such a lonely place where you'd hear the sea roaring day an' night, an' the wind whistling in the heather. It's terrible it is,

John Kavanagh, for a man to be alone with himself, alone with himself, an' God a long way off." He was silent. Kavanagh shivered. The unreality of actual things seemed intensified by the darkness and by the voice that spoke to him. Even his self-complacency was like a fire choked with ashes. His bank account could not restore his self-confidence. The utter indifference of the blind piper to his success affected him strangely.

"Oh! come, Christy," he said, "is there a man on the hill who wouldn't be glad of my shoes? After all success is something worth getting. Don't you envy me a bit, confess it."

"I pity you, John Kavanagh, an' that is the truth I'm telling you."

"You pity me, *you*. . . . Why?"

"Because of the way you are, alone with yourself, you that were a Christianable young lad with Heaven on the right of you and Hell on the left and Purgatory at the end of the road. But I'm thinking to myself that it is like a child you are playing with the stones on the shore and thinking they're jewels all the while, an' a great wave like to swallow you up."

Kavanagh roused himself with an effort. A wave of depression had swept over his soul. The worthlessness of success had never troubled him, now the reality of his riches and his position grew vague and the shadow of death seemed upon him.

He stood up, fumbled in his pocket, took out two half-crowns, and put them on Christy's knee.

"You're like an old raven," he said, "but those will cheer you up and teach you the value of money."

He stumbled to the door. As he went he heard the money chink as it fell, but he did not wait, he went on, almost passionately eager for light, comfort, and cheerful companionship. At all costs he must get back his daily sense of self-satisfaction. (This horrible distrust of himself was some phantasm of the night, the influence of his talk with a blind old fool. Or was it a foretaste of Purgatory? This question startled him. Some voice in his consciousness seemed to have asked it. Would this sense of utter failure and futility meet him again at some turn of his road and look into his face with blank despairing eyes? There were rich and successful men, he knew, who had killed themselves. Why? Was it because they too had met this question and had no answer.

The night seemed to ask it of him, "What use? What use?" He found no answer as he stumbled up the hill, groping his way through the darkness and fog.

Then at last the Castle rose before him. The door was open, the pleasant lamp-light streamed into the night. Kavanagh hurried up the steps and made his way into the hall. Sir Brian was standing by the fire. He smiled genially at his guest.

"Why, Kavanagh," he said, "how cold and wet and tired you look. Is that all your native place can do for you? I suppose you saw some of the people you knew in old days. . . . I should think they envy you." Sir Brian looked almost envious himself, but Kavanagh was staring at the fire with an absent look.

"How does old Christy, the blind piper live?" he asked; "he must be as poor as a rat."

Sir Brian laughed.

"Well, he doesn't live. He died, you know, about five years ago. They found him lying beside his pipes on the shore one morning; he'd been there all night. It seemed very pitiable, he'd always had a wretched half-starved life, but he seemed happy in an odd way—he was always in the chapel. . . . Quite a saint they said, so no one seemed distressed about his death. You see there are two ways of looking at things."

Kavanagh stared at him.

"Who lives in his cabin then?" he asked; "that one at the top of the hill?"

"No one. The roof is off. If it had been light you'd have seen that it's a ruin. You'll see in the morning."

In the morning Kavanagh went to Christy's old cabin. It was quite a ruin. He found two half-crowns lying among the stones. He left Ireland very soon and returned to America. He told a reporter, who asked him his opinion, that he found his native land depressing. Its very atmosphere, he said, engendered dreams, and took the vigour out of a man.

But some times when he looks eastward towards Ireland, he thinks of a desolate headland, and of a question that had met him there. And he wonders, perhaps, if some day he must answer it?



## II. THE MURPHYS' MIRACULOUS FLOWER.

The Murphys had moved in. Their new neighbours on either hand stood about the door watching with shrewd interest the household effects that Jimmy Murphy was bringing on an ass-cart. The furniture was not extensive and its quality was not remarkable. But then in this part of Dublin furnishing was not a strong point.

The Murphys were a large family. Including those that had been "buried" there were ten, but eight children survived. One of the eight looked, according to the neighbours, as though he would not "be in it long." This was Josie Murphy, a boy of ten, who arrived on crutches, supported by his sister Liz, a girl of sixteen, while Mary, Peter, and Theresa trailed behind them.

Within the house, Mrs. Murphy, dirty and bedraggled, was settling her household goods. Her face brightened when she saw Josie.

"Isn't it the grand little place at all?" she asked rather wistfully.

"Glory be to God," said Liz, but gave no further opinion.

Josie, resting on his crutches, looked round the room. It was hopelessly untidy and far from clean. But as he had rarely seen houses in other conditions, he was satisfied.

"It'll be fine when we have the pictures up," he suggested.

"It will so," said his mother. "Your Da will likely put them up when he's back from work. The Pope can go over the fireplace, and the one of Pat after his death, near the dresser: it'll be real tasty."

"It's the yard takes my fancy," said Ned, a big boy, who was in a perpetual state of seeking work.

The whole family flocked to the yard and stood surveying it with the interest proper to landowners.

It was a fine autumn day and the sun was bright. Some trees were visible beyond the wall; their leaves were touched with gold. A meagre bush of veronica grew in one corner of the yard, and there was an undoubted beginning of a rockery.

Some former tenant, probably "put out" for lack of the rent, had conceived the scheme: a heap of bricks, mortar and broken crockery. But a nasturtium was growing there, and the possibilities of a landscape garden dawned upon the Murphys.



"We've a right to be making a garden," said Ned.

"Wouldn't it be well for Josie to be sitting there in the sun," answered Mrs. Murphy, "an' he not moidhered wid all them childher next door that hasn't a notion of behaviour, staring as though they'd never seen a crutch in this wicked world, an' a pity it is for their mothers not to be teaching them manners!"

"We might be running up an arbour where Josie would sit," suggested Liz.

"We'd grow scarlet runners over it," said Josie.

His eyes brightened at the thought.

"Ivy would be nice," said Ned.

"Sweet peas," suggested Peter.

"One o' them little pinky roses," chimed in Liz.

"It'll be a fine place yet," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy hopefully. "Josie'll be getting his health finely in the spring, an' he sitting out there watching the clouds."

Josie smiled cheerfully. He still hoped with each new season that he would be "getting his health" soon. The future remained for him a time of unfamiliar vigour when he should play in the streets, whip his top, and go to Mass with the strongest of them. The present, however, was a time of ill health. Josie had nearly forgotten how it felt to be well. The leg that was the source of all his trouble was in plaster until some vague time when he should go to the big Dublin hospital to have another operation. In the present he slept ill, was constantly tired, and often in pain, but still the future was radiant with possibilities.

Josie, sitting on a chair near the fire, gave himself up to dreams about the yard. He would make friends with gardeners, beg for cuttings and seeds. In a year that yard would be a blaze of colour. Roses would grow over the roof, clematis would cover the walls. Flowers of all sorts would make splendid its little space of earth. There might also be useful things like cabbages and potatoes. The surplus stock could be sold and help to pay the rent, or to buy boots for Ned, or a skirt for Liz, or a coat for Peter, or a dress for Mary when she went to school. Josie found much to think of, and this was well for him, his amusements being restricted by the necessity of sitting still most of the day.

Meanwhile Liz went out. She held her head high because the neighbours were watching her. Liz was at the self-conscious age, and she remembered painfully that the crown

and the brim of her hat were nearly parting company. Also her boots were downtrodden and two sizes too large for her. Properly dressed she would have been a handsome girl, but food came before dress in the Murphy household, and there was rarely enough for both.

Liz went boldly to the backs of the terrace houses that stood within some hundred yards of their new dwellings. A field ran behind these houses, and weeds and garden rubbish were thrown there out of the back doors. With deliberation, but a certain nervousness, she investigated these heaps. A dog snarled at her. She was, he seemed to say, encroaching on his professional rights. But Liz went on. She had already found a number of half withered branches that she called cuttings, some broken geraniums, a tulip bulb, a potato, and some bits of honesty with seed vessels.

With these she returned, braving the curious glances that she met at every open door. She retired at once to the yard and planted her treasures. For spade she used the coal shovel, and her work was hard, for the soil of the future garden was like a millstone.

She came in hot but beaming. "We'll have a tulip and a potato next year," she said, "an' maybe, with the help of God, a lot of quare things I don't rightly know the name of."

Josie smiled all over his peaked little face.

"We might be sending things to the Flower Show," he exclaimed.

One of the ways by which Liz tried to improve the family fortunes was by leaving the morning paper at different houses. It had been to her once a wearisome task. But now the interest attached to the yard made her find inspiration in the front gardens through which she daily passed. How often Liz resisted the temptation to steal it would be hard to say. But all that she brought home with her was wisdom—she had seen sand put on the bulbs, or manure round the roses, and so on.

With the spring the horticultural zeal of the Murphys was quickened to a passionate interest. Green leaves showed above the poor soil. The tulip gave definite promise; a root of parsley showed a little green, two or three crocuses even were in flower. What might one not expect? The stalk of rhubarb might yield a pie. The shrivelled little gooseberry bush, assisted by the Providence whom the Murphys con-

stantly invoked, might yield them a gooseberry apiece.

But Heaven, so it seemed, sent them a blessing unexpected and mysterious. It was Josie who first saw the strange green leaves above the ground. Peter, grown sceptical with experience, pronounced it a dirty old weed. But the greater wisdom of his father denied this. The plant was certainly something uncommon and worthy of a garden.

"Maybe God sent it down to us special," Josie suggested to Liz, in a moment of confidence.

"Why wouldn't He?" asked Liz. It seemed to her that Heaven must appreciate the patience and sweetness of Josie, for, as usual, the future becoming the present brought him no new health. But the obstinate trouble that had lamed him continued its ill work on his hip.

Whatever its origin, the unknown plant was a source of constant interest to the Murphys. During the spring it threw out large leaves at the base. Then a delicate stem rose. This, by the beginning of the summer, had branched into several smaller stalks. Each of these bore green tassel-like buds. On these buds Josie rested his hopes. He was confident that the most lovely flowers would reward their long waiting. For nothing had been spared the strange plant, "sups" of water and cold tea had been given to it at all hours. The time of blossoming was tardy in its arrival. The tassel-like buds still kept the secret of their rare perfection. And meanwhile it was necessary for Josie to go to the Dublin hospital for another operation.

"If it would but flower," said Josie. Liz examined the buds with angry eyes.

"'Tis the rascally old craytur," she exclaimed, "an' it cocked up with all manner of treatment. But never you mind, jewel, it'll flower yet for you."

But for all that Liz said the unknown seemed disinclined to bloom before Josie's operation. Liz was not too truthful. When the last day at home dawned she declared solemnly to her brother that he should see his treasure bloom. Josie was too ill and weary to ask questions. He waited.

The next morning Liz was down by six o'clock. She went straight to the yard to contemplate the plant. The morning sun shone warmly on some candytuft, three carnations, four poppies, and the unknown thing they cherished. Three of the tassel-like buds were open. But the flowers—what were they? Poor meagre mauve-coloured things, with nothing

miraculous or strange about them. Angry tears started to the girl's eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Is that all you can do, you rascally old chate?" she asked. "You've a right to be put out of it in the dust cart, decaivin' a poor child the way he thought you'd dropped from heaven."

Liz glared at the flower. She was, after all, unjust. For it was but a species of sea thistle, a graceful thing but incapable of any display. Liz turned away.

"I'll be even with you yet," she exclaimed.

She went off to the station as usual for her newspapers. However sore her heart, weary her feet, and overstrained her nerves, the papers had to be left at every house.

Liz had a very sore heart that morning. Josie was the centre of her life, its aim and object, and that day Josie was to go to the hospital. She had absurd fears of the hospital, never having stayed in one.

At one house the roses were in bloom, at another the violas were fine, at a third a bed of begonias was splendid in the sunshine.

Liz paused to admire. Then an idea came to her. She went to the bed and peered among the leaves. A housemaid tapped at the window and frowned.

"'Tis only the fallen ones I'm after picking," said Liz, appealingly. Her hand was full of scarlet flowers that had dropped. She hurried off with them and bore them home.

To her mother's questions she made no answer.

"Ah! whisht!" she said crossly. Her mood was far from pleasant that day.

Mrs. Murphy peered from a scullery window.

"For God's sake!" she exclaimed, "what's taken her? She's after sewing them begonia heads onto the quare plant."

Liz with a flushed face returned to the kitchen.

"If you let on to him I'll kill you," she said, "so let you mind yourself."

She went with heavy feet upstairs.

"Josie, jewel," she cried, "the ould thing's in flower, lovely scarlet heads on it the like of . . . well . . . a little the like o' begonias. 'Tis the wonder of the world it is! Will I carry you down to see it?"

Josie's eyes brightened. His arms clung to his sister's neck as she carried him down the stairs.

"I knew it would flower for me," he said.

"How did you know?"

"Didn't *you* say it would, Liz, and I prayed it might."

Liz squeezed him passionately and hurt him. But he made no sound. She held him in her arms at some distance from the plant.

"It would be a pity to touch it," she said, "it's terrible brittle."

"Glory be to God! Well that's a strange rare plant," said Mrs. Murphy, wiping her hot face.

"I'm thinking it might be a miracle," suggested Josie, rather shyly.

"I never saw the likes of it before," his mother answered. "But come in, jewel, for a sup of milk."

Happily for him the operation proved too much for Josie's strength. The days of his trouble and ill health were done. He lay, quite happy but very weak, in a comfortable bed, and a kind nun stood beside him. Liz sat by him on the other side. Her face was strained and set. It seemed to her that her own life was going out with Josie's.

"I've told Mother Mary Aloysius about the flower, Liz," he said at last. The nun nodded.

"It was just a miracle," she said, "and yet there's some think they never happen."

"I knew I'd see it . . . and I did," Josie sighed, with a sense of great satisfaction.

"I wonder if the king has got the likes of it in his palace," he suggested.

"I'm sure he's not," Liz answered.

Some miles away the poor sea thistle still kept its place in the yard, and the drooping begonia heads showed the cotton that held them to their stalks.

W. M. LETTS.

### *The Reviewers on Newman's "Life."*

THE *Life of Cardinal Newman* has received prompt and ample notice from the principal organs of the daily and weekly press. The monthlies and quarterlies may be expected to follow suit in due time, with their more considered judgments, but it is already possible to see what is likely to be the final verdict of the country on Newman's personality and achievements, and on the biography in which his mental portraiture will go down to history. It was not difficult to predict that the biography would be welcomed to a high place among its kind, but the chorus of praise with which it has been in fact received is really remarkable, and besides, has taken in some instances a form which to the author will be peculiarly grateful—as, for instance, in the remark of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that "if Newman had never written the *Apologia* he would have found his vindication here"; or in that of the *Times* that "his fellow-countrymen at least, of whatever creed or opinion, will not misinterpret a frankness which redounds to the credit of the author and of the great Church to which he belongs . . . if his object has been, while adopting the frankness of Newman's own *Apologia*, to vindicate the Cardinal's complete loyalty to the Roman Church, his object has certainly been completely obtained."

As to the greatness of Newman there is general acknowledgment, though in assigning its exact character the reviewers have been influenced, as was to be expected, by their own attitude towards the religion for which he lived and worked. Thus the *Times* reviewer, who yields somewhat to the temptation to damn him with faint praise, insists that the drama of his life "was for the most part played on no very wide stage, and its development was from first to last determined by the limitations thus imposed"; that

the Oxford in which Newman's reputation was made was a High Anglican preserve, narrow beyond the conception of the modern mind . . . and, if Newman's influence was great at Oxford and

beyond, it was, apart from his personal charm, mainly because he was the leader of a movement to set up a system of protection against undesirable foreign ideas.

Still this reviewer has to acknowledge that "to Newman, more than to any other man, ["the Roman Catholic Communion"] owes its development from an obscure and despised sect into a Church which has a great place in the religious and political life of the country"; and he owns to "the greatness of Newman" by recognizing that it has to be localized somewhere, and so pronounces that

it would seem to lie less in his intellectual eminence, which is at least widely disputed, than in his spiritual qualities and the singleness of purpose and high courage which prompted him, like another Athanasius *contra mundum*, to "champion revealed truth against the Liberalism which he foresaw was about to submerge the world like a flood;" and estimates that "his equipment for this task was an unshakable faith, deep piety, great personal charm, wide patristic learning, mastery of dialectic, a keen but limited intellect, and much sympathetic imagination."

True as it is that the talents he thus concedes to him were important elements in his greatness, the *Times* reviewer must surely in his heart of hearts have felt that, had Newman's success in the use of them been confined within so narrow a sphere as is suggested by the words just quoted, the question of his real greatness could hardly have arisen. But against this suggestion of the *Times* reviewer we may set the corresponding estimate of the *Guardian* reviewer, which is surely more in accordance with the facts:

It is difficult to find a parallel for the mingled feelings of interest, pride, and regretful admiration that the life of Cardinal Newman evokes in the mind of the English Church and the English people. And amid all the English ecclesiastics and theologians of the nineteenth century Newman's is perhaps the only name that is familiar enough to Continental thinkers to be the theme of keen and frequent discussion. Indeed, a literature has of late grown up round it, and that in circles by no means breathing a purely ecclesiastical atmosphere. In this country, too, despite the shock of his "conversion," much of the fascination which prompted the "*Credo in Newmanum*" of J. A. Froude and his contemporaries survived his change of faith, and survived it triumphantly. His writings, even himself in the mystery of a semi-monastic retirement, became to a curious degree, a national



asset. Thus of the "Parochial Sermons" Dean Stanley could write: "They belong not to provincial dogma, but to the literature of all time." "Lead, kindly Light," the hymn of the Oriel Tutor, is sung by every congregation in England, and not less "The Dream of Gerontius," the poem of the Roman Oratorian—read and scored, Mr. Ward tells us, by Gordon during the last days of Khartoum—is dear to every English household. To some he is a religious philosopher comparable only to Pascal; to others he is the originator of the development theory in dogma ("that or nothing," said one German critic); to Döllinger he was the theologian with almost unrivalled knowledge of the first three centuries of Church history; to Lord Morley he is among the great masters of English prose. When Kingsley's ill-advised attack was repelled, men, whatever their sympathies, could not but delight in the keenness of the dialectical fence and the unabated skill of the master who wielded it, and when the occasion was turned to the production of the "Apologia" many once more felt the singular spell that earlier had called from W. G. Ward the exclamation, "Was there ever in history anything like Newman's power over us at Oxford?" And so, too, at last, when the long cloud of coldness and disparagement on the part of the authorities of his own Church lifted and the honour of the Cardinalate came to him it was by no exaggeration that the Pope, in granting it, uttered the memorable words: "It will give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England." For by some strange anachronistic instinct Englishmen really felt that here was a great Churchman of their nation long neglected at the hands of the Papacy and now at last come to his own. Never since the Reformation had the Cardinalate assumed such importance in the eyes of Englishmen as when Newman accepted it.

The contrast, however, between these two estimates is instructive enough when we trace them to their ultimate causes. There are two sides of human life, the material and the spiritual, and there are two corresponding intellectual tendencies, the one which so immerses itself in the study of physical sciences as to ignore all that is not directly amenable to the senses, the other which has a wider and deeper vision that reveals to it a whole world of realities, not less such because they surpass the dull senses and are only spiritually discerned. "To the last," says the *Times* reviewer, in his contention that Newman's fame was "local," "Protestant Germany, as is natural, has never been able to understand the great reputation which Newman enjoyed among Englishmen outside the Roman Church." "As is natural,"

certainly, for what is distinctive of modern Protestant Germany—as represented by its men of science and biblical critics—is that it has never had much eye for the spiritual, whereas the secret of Newman's wonderful influence, and consequent greatness, lay in his singular faculty of grasping the spiritual, and giving vivid expression to its subtle nature and living force.

Of Newman's personality, for the estimate of which Mr. Ward's pages furnish such rich material, none of the reviewers have written more discerningly and sympathetically than the Warden of Keble College, in the *Morning Post*:

The book will [he says] make a far wider appeal than to Newman's co-religionists, or those who are interested in merely ecclesiastical questions; it will appeal to all who care for the deepest religious problems, and to all who care for human life. It is the story of a very rare character and intellect, the beauty of which appeals to our admiration, while the element of pathos in the life excites our sympathy. We see a nature delicate, sensitive, finely-strung at birth, strained almost to morbidness by the great dislocation of his change of faith; an intellect keen, versatile, one who was at once a musician, a poet, a metaphysician, a master of style, one with an artist's temperament, delighting in good work, and quickly jarred by all that is inharmonious, one with a saint's conscience, introspective, self-conscious, a past master in self-anatomy, ever *nimius sui calumniator*, a mystic to whom God and his own soul were from boyhood the two luminously self-evident realities. Such a one as this was called by circumstances to a position of leadership without the gifts for dealing with opponents or wayward followers (his own line about St. Gregory Nazianzen: "Thou couldst a people raise, but could not rule," was early applied to him by one of his Oxford friends), placed at times, as in Ireland, to the task of practical organization, plunged almost all his life into controversy, and the result is an almost pathetic succession of alternating moods; now hesitancy, now assurance, now despondency, and now gratitude; waiting for external calls to guide him when to speak and when to act, yet nearly all his life with the sense that he has never been put into his right position in life, and has never used his powers to the full.

Dr. Lock even sees his way to a comparison between Newman and St. Paul, which is worth quoting as in some respects true and apposite, though in others far-fetched:

There is a close analogy with St. Paul, each with the same variety of intellectual gifts, each strained to breaking point by

the dislocation of a change of faith, each exposed to misrepresentation throughout life, each sensitive to blame and criticism, each longing for sympathy, each with a power of evoking passionate affection and hero worship from those who worked with him, each finding in literary correspondence a chief means of self-expression, and using his letters for revealing the deepest secrets of his heart ("I have constantly been in tears and constantly crying out with distress" says Newman about the self-revelations of the "Apologia"), each with a sympathetic power of adapting his tone and style to his correspondent: each launching out at times into stinging satire, St. Paul in 2 Corinthians, Newman in the lectures on Anglican difficulties: each having a secret shrine into which he can retire in peace and hear his Master speaking and reassuring him with the message that strength is perfected in weakness. Yet there was, in St. Paul, more of masculine grit, less of what almost approaches to querulous peevishness in Newman; he knew more clearly the line which separated religion from superstition; he would have been slower to tolerate and apologize for much of popular extravagance of devotion; he would never have said before writing the bitterest satire of 2 Corinthians: "I am frightened at the chance of being satirical before the Blessed Sacrament. Would a curtain be possible?"<sup>1</sup>

This last sentence is not so happy as what precedes it. Newman knew clearly enough the line which separates religion from superstition, becoming from extravagant devotions, perhaps more clearly than his critic. The point: about preaching satirical sermons in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, Dr. Lock must have misunderstood, for in a college where the High Church doctrine of the Real Presence is presumably cherished, the intending preacher's scruple should surely not have seemed strange. The imputation of "peevish querulousness," though quickly redeemed by a final judgment that "whatever be the foibles and the weakness, it was a fine and noble and saintly spirit," is one which will be resented by many of Newman's friends, and yet is likely to be made by others than Dr. Lock. But this touches on a matter which is of some importance to those who would estimate him aright. Foibles count for little in the general estimate of a man's character. In few, if any, are they absent, and a biographical account which represented its subject as without them, might well be suspected. But foibles are the excrescences on qualities that lie deep in the nature, and the deep-lying quality of which this particular foible, so far as it

<sup>1</sup> I. p. 231.

was such, was an excrescence, was that of intense sensitiveness. It would be difficult to deny that in Newman this feature was unusually developed, nor is there any reason why his best friends should wish to deny it. Granted that on occasion it led him into displays of weakness, in itself it was a singular source of strength, for regarded from another side or traced to a still deeper root, what else was it but an intense affectionateness, a singular capacity for friendship? Is not this our feeling, when we read—to take an instance on which so far the reviewers have not touched—of the visit to Littlemore in the summer of 1868, and of the incident connected with it, recorded by Canon Irvine, who was vicar there at the time?

I was passing by the church at Littlemore, when I observed a man very poorly dressed leaning over the lych-gate crying. He was to all appearance in great trouble. He was dressed in an old grey coat, with the collar turned up and his hat pulled over his face as if he wished to hide his features. As he turned towards me I thought it was a face I had seen before. The thought instantly flashed through my mind, that it was Dr. Newman. . . . I made bold to ask him if he was not an old friend of Mr. Crawley's, because if he was, I felt sure Mr. Crawley would be very pleased to see him; as he was a great invalid and not able to go out himself, would he please to go and see Mr. Crawley? He instantly burst out crying and said, "Oh, no, Oh, no!" Mr. St. John begged him to go, but he said, "I cannot." Mr. St. John asked him to send his name, but he said "Oh, no!" At last Mr. St. John said, "you may tell Mr. Crawley Dr. Newman is here." I did so, and Mr. Crawley sent his compliments, and begged him to come and see him, which he did and had a long chat with him. After that he went and saw several of the old people in the village.

We may find it hard to conceive of a strong man, of a man as virile as Newman ever showed himself to be, being so overcome as to shed copious tears on the sight of a place where he had lived for a few short though eventful months, and on the remembrance of very ordinary friends with whom he had been associated a quarter of a century previously. But, when confronted with the fact, we cannot but recognize how precious must be the friendship of one whose affection ran so deep. And then, if we further reflect that all through life, directing his thoughts and prompting his actions, there lay deep within him a whole store of such affection for friends past and present, and likewise for the good causes

which he had taken to heart and for which he was working, we shall have the clue to much which might otherwise appear incomprehensible in his vehement dislikes as well as likes. But on this point we must quote Mr. Ward, whose words of searching analysis and appreciation could hardly be excelled:

We see in his letters the intensely affectionate and sensitive nature which won him such devoted friendships and brought at the same time so much friendship. . . . My picture would not be true or living if I omitted from the correspondence as published the indications of this feature and its consequences. I am aware that the unsympathetic reader may find matter for criticism in some manifestations of Newman's sensitiveness, and in a certain self-centredness which so often goes with genius, and which had in Newman's case been fostered by his almost unique leadership at Oxford. But I do not think any one who appreciates the overmastering love of holiness, the absolute devotion to duty, as well as the intellectual force and wisdom evident in the letters as a whole, will feel any disposition so to belittle the great Cardinal when he reaches the end of this book. In reading Newman's correspondence, as when we watch a man in great pain, we hear, perhaps, at moments, cries which are not musical, we witness movements not wholly dignified. But the feeling when all is read can hardly fail to be . . . one of deep love and reverence. . . . His very holiness and devotion to duty are brought into relief by the trials which his own nature enhanced. His brightness of temperament made him keenly alive to the joys of life. It made him at times the most charming of companions. There probably would be few symptoms of undue sensitiveness or of angry resentful feeling to record, had he led a life according to human inclination. But at the call of duty he attempted tasks which were intensely trying. He had the strength to put his hand into the fire and keep it there. He had not strength never to cry out with pain, or always to preserve an attitude of studied grace. . . .

A nature marked by [such] depth of feeling . . . has a load to bear which is not given to others. Deep natures are not the most equable. The selfish and shallow man may be at times the pleasanter companion. The men who feel as deeply as John Henry Newman felt, win from friends and disciples an enthusiastic personal love which others cannot win. *Cor ad cor loquitur*. They give and they receive a love for which others look in vain. But deep feeling is not of all one kind. There will be bitter as well as sweet. Where there is intense love and gratitude, there will be at times deep anger, deep resentment.

But there is another matter, closely connected with this of Newman's unusually deep feeling which, as it appears to

us, needs to be taken more carefully into account if we would judge rightly of the many strong expressions in censure of others, which occur up and down the Letters and Diaries. We have in mind especially those in which he refers to himself as the victim of gross injustice, and marvels that his devoted service should have been thus ill-required. The entry which is the last in his Diary, affords a notable illustration of this:

I have before now said in writing to Cardinal Wiseman and Barnabò when I considered myself treated with slight and unfairness, "So this is the return made to me for working for the Catholic cause for so many years," *i.e.*, to that effect. . . . When I wrote to the two Cardinals, I had that strength of conviction that I never had any notion of secular or ecclesiastical ambition for writing my volumes, which made me not hesitate to denounce, if I may so speak, at the risk of being misunderstood, the injustice, for so I felt it, which had been shown towards me. This I did feel very keenly; and was indignant that after all my anxious and not unsuccessful attempts to promote, in my own place and according to my own measure, the Catholic cause, my very first mistake in the *Rambler*, supposing it to be one, should have been come down upon, my former services neither having been noticed favourably when they were done, nor telling now as a plea for mercy.

The sharpness of this complaint is relieved by the words of self-criticism, which presently follow it, and record the final impression left upon the diarist's mind, after a rehearsal of all that he had set down:

I am dissatisfied with the whole of this book. It is more or less a complaint from one end to the other. But it represents what has been the real state of my mind, and what my Cross has been.

O how light a Cross—think what the Crosses of others are! And think of the compensation, even in this world. . . . I have had, it is true, no recognition in high quarters—but what warm kind letters in private have I had! And how many! and what public acknowledgments! How ungrateful I am, or should be, if such letters and such notices failed to content me.

This was written in 1878, just before his promotion to the Sacred College. Some years later he added at the foot of the last page the words, "Since writing the above I have been made a Cardinal!"

Still, the impression conveyed by the previous passage is not entirely removed by this final corrective, nor is it possible to ignore that, since the publication of this biography, many—we speak from experience—even of those who have always held the great Cardinal in reverence, and would be glad to defend every word he ever wrote, have been taken aback by the tone of positiveness with which he ascribes to rank injustice towards himself, and will not allow to have been prompted by motives deemed to be of a higher order, the various measures emanating from the Church authorities that broke into his well-intended plans for God's glory.

The question, however, which we wish to raise, is whether so to understand Newman's complaint of the injustice done him is not to misunderstand it. What was the particular species of injustice done him of which he complained? Was it in the treatment meted out to him over the Irish Catholic University question, or over his translation of the Bible, or over the promise of the episcopate first made to him and then tacitly and mysteriously withdrawn, or over his dealings with the *Rambler*, or over the question of his being forbidden to transfer his residence to Oxford? In our opinion there was injustice done to him in each of these cases, not, indeed, in the measures themselves which were taken, for these were based on intelligible even if not on the wisest grounds, but by the manner in which they were taken—namely, by keeping him so much in the dark as to the reasons for this action when it affected him, by not asking him for explanations of what was thought to be unsound in his writings, and yet treating him as recalcitrant. And it is this surely that renders intelligible and consistent with a high Christian character the entries in the Diary with which we are now concerned. To set down so absolutely as injustice acts such as the neglect to go on with the offer of the episcopate or the prohibition to have a College at Oxford, might with reason be deemed unbecoming. But to be suspected, and persistently suspected of disloyalty to the faith or to the rulers it set over him, was quite another thing; and for one who knew himself to be in heart and intention the very soul of Catholic loyalty—whose leading purpose throughout life had ever been to express his loyalty in signal service for the Church, who had spent himself and sacrificed himself in so many ways for the good cause—to find his efforts thwarted at every turn by the *mistrust* of those in high ecclesiastical positions, this surely



was a species of injustice he might very properly resent, and, if persuaded that it existed, might in reliance on the testimony of his own conscience, justifiably characterize in the absolute terms we find in the *Diary*. Newman, in fact, in so doing, was acting only on the well-established principle which he cites with approval, in a page of the biography for which we have lost the reference—the principle that a man should distinguish between vindicating his reputation when it is assailed on other grounds and when it is assailed on grounds affecting the purity of his faith; that in the former case it is often laudable not to be too solicitous about one's vindication, but in the latter case, never.

The reviewers have naturally sought to make capital out of the controversies in which Newman was involved, and to draw conclusions favourable to their own conceptions of the nature of religion. Thus the *Record*, in a threefold notice which is welcome as representing the best strain of Evangelicalism, cannot resist the temptation to contrast Catholic disunion with Anglican unity. "The Church of England," it says, "has its various schools and parties, some of them widely separated from one another, but we do not remember in any episcopal biography such a picture of disunion and mutual re- crimination as Mr. Ward gives us in these volumes." This writer does not perceive that in the Church of England it is a case of conflicts over the most fundamental articles of the Christian faith, of one vicar preaching the doctrine of the Real Presence which the vicar in the next parish declares to be abominable idolatry, whereas in the Church to which Newman, Manning and the others belonged, it was a case only of conflicts over the best practical policy to be pursued where important religious objects were involved; Manning, for instance, considering that, notwithstanding the great educational advantages of a Protestant University, the danger for immature minds of being exposed to its rationalistic atmosphere was too serious to be risked, and Newman thinking that the risk from that source could be sufficiently diminished if due precautions were taken, whilst the loss of the educational advantages would prove to be in the long run a still greater danger. Or, if it be said that some of the questions over which these Catholic ecclesiastics fought did concern doctrines, it should be observed that in these controversies there was full submission on both sides as soon as the controversy was decided by the voice of authority, whereas in

the doctrinal controversies in the Church of England, neither side is prepared to submit to any voice of authority, except occasionally to the extent of purely external compliance. Or, if it be further suggested, as in the words quoted from the *Record*, that the encounters between these Catholic ecclesiastics were much sharper than the corresponding encounters in other Churches, this difference, as far as it exists, may be claimed as witnessing in favour of Catholicism. The two neighbouring Anglican vicars can meet in undisturbed friendship, because there is in both of them the half-conscious feeling that their controversies turn on matters of opinion which are not really of fundamental importance. Between the two Catholic ecclesiastics relations are more strained and trying, just because they are entirely at one about the underlying truth and its supreme value, and feel deeply the importance of securing its hold over minds.

Other reviewers, without concerning themselves much about religious unity, which they regard as both unattainable and undesirable, have paid to Newman the tribute of admiration which is his due, but have gratified their antipathies to Catholicism by treating him as an inexplicable exception, and contrasting him with his fellow-ecclesiastics for whom they have little that is good to say. Thus Wiseman is "the commonplace and worldly Cardinal Wiseman," and the other Bishops are "his equally commonplace coadjutors." Dr. Cullen is "an Irish peasant, with a varnish of Roman intrigue, whose conception of a University was that of a seminary on a large scale." Newman is represented as "under no illusion as to the worldliness of the Curia, the studied nullity of Roman theology, the insolence of Cullen and his colleagues, the blind violence of the Ultramontanism which, under Pius IX., ran riot in the Church." One does not find this sort of criticism in the *Morning Post*, or the *Guardian*, or the *Church Times*, whose reviewers are of a higher class, but it would doubtless be too much to expect of the ordinary twentieth century reviewer that he should take on himself some responsibility for his statements of fact, instead of following the easier and more convenient course of picking out of the volume before him the statements that happen to please him, and keeping silence about the rest. The effect, however, of this procedure is like that of the instantaneous photography which fixes for our gaze a galloping horse in a momentary attitude which, thus isolated from its antecedents and conse-

quents, represents it to us as a very grotesque animal, instead of the graceful creature it really is. How different would have been the impression produced and how much more in keeping with the realities of Catholic life, had these people, without overlooking the incidents on which they have based their unpleasant inferences, availed themselves of the many other documents in Mr. Ward's volume, which go to make up his complete picture of these various personalities! How much truer would their judgments have been had they set by the side of their estimate of the "commonplace Cardinal Wiseman," Newman's own estimate of Wiseman in 1851 (i. 256)—"High as I put his gifts I was not prepared for such a display of vigour, power, judgment, sustained energy as the last two months have brought"; or with their estimate of Cardinal Cullen, Newman's estimate in 1879—"I ever had the greatest, truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen; I used to say that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the Saints of the Holy City had been looking into it, and he into theirs" (ii. 384); or with their estimate of the Catholic body generally the glowing accounts of them Newman gives in Vol. i., chaps. v., vi., where he records his early experiences of their kind qualities and treatment of himself, both in England and in Italy, and likewise in his reply in 1879 to the address of the Diocese of Birmingham,<sup>1</sup> when, after declaring his past to be filled up with memorials of special kindnesses and the honours [they] had done him, he particularizes the kindness to him of Bishop Walsh, of Cardinal Wiseman, of the Oscott boys and their masters, and many more; and then concludes with the words—"What am I to say to all this? It has been put about by those who are not Catholics that as a convert I have been received coldly by the Catholic body; and, if it is coldness, I wonder what warmth is?" Then again, to leave the reviewers alone and think only of ourselves, how pleasant to set over against the distressing conflicts between Newman and Ward, concerning the question of maximizing and minimizing, the pathetic letter sent by W. G. Ward to Newman, on receiving from him a copy of the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* in 1875 (ii. Append. p. 565) and the consoling account of the "posthumous reconciliation" between the two which Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives with such delicacy in the chapter on "Final Tasks" (ii. 495)! If we take

<sup>1</sup> *Tablet* for September 27, 1879.

all these and similar lights, for we have not exhausted the list, and blend them with the shades, we get surely a picture of these various leaders, of their respective personalities and deeds, which is very far from disedifying, indeed, is such as Catholics may be proud to contemplate.

And this suggests a useful reflection. We have among us partisans of Newman, of Manning, and of other prominent leaders in the cause of Catholic progress during the last half century or so. If, in our testimony to the debt we feel we owe them for signal services to our holy religion, some gather round one leader, others round another, all should remember that we do not really exalt our own particular hero by depreciating the leaders in conflict with him; we only encourage outsiders to claim their conflicts as a telling argument against the truth of our common Church. Let the truth be spoken by all means, but in appraising it let us be on our guard against bias, and let us rejoice, not grieve, if any episode which has hitherto seemed to cast discredit on one or another of these leaders can be satisfactorily explained.

A case of just this sort is to hand. A surmise, bearing on his part in the elevation of Newman to the Cardinalate, which has hitherto pressed heavily on the reputation of Cardinal Manning, can, as it seems to us, be dispelled by the rectification of a few dates, and we may fitly end this article by drawing attention to it.

When Newman was first told by Bishop Ullathorne in 1879 (ii. 439) that Leo XIII. had expressed the desire to call him to the Sacred College, he wrote a letter, dated February 2nd, addressed to the Bishop, pleading the difficulty of transferring himself to Rome at his advanced age, and imploring His Holiness to let him die where he had so long lived. This letter reads, as Mr. Ward observes, like a simple refusal of the proposed dignity. But Bishop Ullathorne, reporting on February 3rd to Cardinal Manning the result of his conversation with Newman, explained that it was not. Though Cardinals holding episcopal sees outside Rome are allowed to reside in their dioceses, it was almost unprecedented for a Cardinal, who is unattached in this way, to live anywhere save in Rome itself; where the custom is to entrust him with a high position on one of the Sacred Congregations. Of course it was possible for the Pope to make an exception in Newman's case, but it would have been most

indelicate for him to suggest this, and so he confined himself to the request that he might not be taken away from his beloved Oratory. The Bishop, however, in his letter to Manning, explained that he believed Newman would be glad to accept the dignity, as a decisive testimony to the integrity of his faith, if Leo XIII. should think fit to give the dispensation; and his Lordship besought Cardinal Manning to make this fact known to the Holy Father. Manning, who was about to pay a visit to Rome, assented to this proposal, and took with him the Bishop's letter, and likewise a Latin letter addressed by Newman to Bishop Ullathorne, but intended to be shown to Cardinal Nina, the Papal Secretary of State. The text of this Latin letter is not given by Mr. Ward, but it may be that it was a translation of the English letter to Bishop Ullathorne already referred to, which Mr. Ward has described as reading like a refusal. Manning received also from Newman a letter addressed to himself of which Mr. Ward has not been able to find the text.

We come now to the false step with which Manning is credited, and which has drawn down upon his memory the terrible charge that, whilst professing to further Newman's elevation to the Cardinalate, he was in reality working behind the scenes to defeat it. "On Saturday," says Mr. Purcell, (ii., p. 560), "15th February, Cardinal Manning, bearing Newman's answer to Cardinal Nina"—he means Newman's Latin answer to Bishop Ullathorne, which Manning was to show to Cardinal Nina—"started for Rome. He passed through Paris, where he remained a day or two," which means that he did not arrive in Rome till the 19th or 20th. Meanwhile the English world was aroused by a formal announcement in the *Times* for February 18th, that "Pope Leo XIII. has intimated his desire to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal, but with expressions of deep respect for the Holy See, Dr. Newman has excused himself from accepting the purple." Who put it in? Not Newman, for he disowned it at once in a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, dated February 20th, and besides the language, "and has excused himself from accepting," was most unbecoming and most unlikely to have come from anyone who understood Court manners. But, if not Newman, who? Newman thought Manning had, for Bishop Ullathorne had not, and who else save Manning was in the secret. "The statement," he said, "cannot come from me. Nor could it come

from Rome, for it was made public before my answer got to Rome. . . . A private letter addressed to the Roman authorities, is interpreted on its way, and published in the English papers. How is it possible that any one can have done this?" Of course, this meant that Manning was the person guilty of the impropriety, and Mr. Purcell, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward after him, take the same view, though Mr. Ward sees that the letter which Newman inadvertently calls "a private letter addressed to Roman authorities," is the Latin letter which Cardinal Nina was to see, but which, being addressed to Bishop Ullathorne, was probably sent on to Manning open. Still, does not the suspicion of premature and unauthorized publication remain at Manning's door? Is it not that which the facts point to?

No, it is not, for the whole story rests on a misapprehension as to the dates. The stages of Cardinal Manning's journey to Rome on this occasion with their dates, are all given in the *Tablet* for February 8, 15, 22, and March 1, 1879. He left London, not as Mr. Purcell says, on February 15th, but on February 6th. He expected, says the *Tablet* for February 8th, to be in Rome on February 20th, but in fact he arrived earlier. He remained at Paris till the 10th, made short stays at Nice, Genoa, and Florence, and arrived at Rome on the afternoon of February 15th, at 1.15, and proceeded to the English College. On Saturday, the 16th, in the morning, he had an audience of the Holy Father. Previously he must have shown the letters he brought with him to Cardinal Nina, and we may assume that he brought the whole matter before Leo XIII., at the audience of the 16th. Thus the discussion of the subject with Leo XIII. preceded by two days the announcement in the *Times*, and the notion that Manning, before he could lay Newman's letters before Leo XIII., authorized this announcement, based only on his own interpretation of their meaning, the notion, that is to say, on which was grounded the suspicion that he was secretly working against Newman's promotion, collapses altogether. That Manning did understand Newman's own two letters—that to Bishop Ullathorne for Cardinal Nina, and that addressed directly to Manning as a petition to be excused on the score of age and infirmity is true, for Manning himself says so in his letter to Newman of March 8th, where, however, he also says that he understood Bishop Ullathorne to express the hope that New-

man might, under a change of circumstances, accept it. What he said to the Pope on February 16th, or afterwards, we do not know, but it is hardly conceivable that he made no mention to the Holy Father of Bishop Ullathorne's explanations. Anyhow, all was quickly righted by the intervention of the Duke of Norfolk, who sent on to Cardinal Manning, Newman's letter to himself, representing at the same time the harm that would be done if the idea got abroad that a second time Newman had been offered a promotion, which it was not really intended to bestow on him. What follows is told by Mr. Ward, but the only remaining question which concerns us here is: Was it Cardinal Manning who caused the announcement to appear in the *Times*? It does not seem to us likely that he did. The ignorance of Court usage which its unbecoming language implied was about the last thing one would suspect in him. On the other hand Rome is, as we all know, a place where secrets readily leak out, and where *Times* correspondents are always on the watch.

S. F. S.



## *Some Jesse Trees in Painted Glass.*<sup>1</sup>

THE peculiar manner of selfish and impious ostentation, provoked by the glass-makers, for a stimulus to trade, of putting up painted windows to be records of private devotion instead of universal religion, is one of the worst, because most plausible and proud, of the hypocrisies of our day.<sup>2</sup>

Whether Ruskin's wrath would have been equally aroused had he been treating of mediæval memorial windows may be doubted; we venture to think that he would not have placed the splendid monuments in painted glass raised by the piety of our ancestors to serve as memorials of themselves indeed, but primarily as ornaments to the House of God, under the same condemnation.

It is a remarkable fact that though the art of colouring glass is perhaps as old as the art of glass-making, both certainly being known at least twenty centuries B.C., the use of the pictorial window is of comparatively recent introduction. Indeed the use of glass at all for purposes of lighting the interior of buildings seems to date only from the early Roman Empire. It was first employed only in the palaces of the wealthy, but it soon made its way into the Christian churches. Coloured glass is known to have been used in churches in Rome in the sixth century, whence it spread to Gaul; about the end of the seventh century, through the good offices of St. Benedict Biscop<sup>3</sup> and St. Wilfrid of York,<sup>4</sup> it was introduced into this country.

These coloured windows, however, were nothing like the later picture-window. At first they consisted of a kind of

<sup>1</sup> For most of the technical and historical parts of the first portion of this paper, the writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to N. H. J. Westlake's admirable work entitled *A History of Design in Painted Glass*, 4 vols. James Parker and Co., London, 1881, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> Ruskin, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, chap. i. note 1.

<sup>3</sup> "Misit legatarios Galliam, qui vitri factores, artifices videlicet Britannis eatenus incognitos, ad cancellandas ecclesiæ porticumque et cænaculorum ejus fenestras adducerent." (*Beda Opera Historica*, Plummer, Ed. 1896, vol. i. p. 368).

<sup>4</sup> Fleury, *Histoire Ecclésiastique*, vol. viii. lib. xxxix, p. 591, Ed. 1750.

glass mosaic in which the various pieces of coloured glass were arranged into simple geometrical patterns, the framework holding them together being composed of wood or metal or even, as in Santa Sophia, of alabaster. Later on they were worked into rude figures, the outlines being formed by lead beading, as in the example that is still to be seen in the Cathedral in Augsburg. It was only after this latter stage, that the invention of the art of painting on glass with a coloured enamel which was then fused into the metal by heat, made the painted picture-window possible. Neither the century nor place of origin of what is often called, somewhat inaccurately, stained glass, is known with certainty.

The painting of glass windows [says Westlake] is comparatively a new art. . . . No mention of a painted window certainly dates anterior to the Christian Era, and it is probable that for nearly a thousand years after the advent of our Lord this art was unknown.<sup>1</sup>

Further on, speaking of the claims of various countries to be the birthplace of the art, he says:

I share the opinion that the earliest *painted* windows were not, as is sometimes thought, of German origin, but from the neighbourhood of Limoges, where a Venetian colony under Doge Orseolo II. settled, somewhere about the year 979 A.D.

The earliest painted glass now in existence is in all probability the Ascension window in the Cathedral of Le Mans; it dates from the eleventh century. The oldest painted glass in England seems to be the fragment of a Jesse Tree in York Minster dating from the twelfth century.

This brings us to the main subject of our paper, the Jesse Tree. We shall first sketch in general terms its chief characteristics and then illustrate the subject more particularly by a brief description of two of the beautiful specimens, which have survived from Catholic days. They are the proud possession of the parishes of Llanrhaiadr and Dyserth, situated on opposite sides of the Vale of Clwyd, in North Wales, and within a few miles of one another.

The Jesse Tree is a subject of very frequent recurrence in mediæval art of all kinds, and the reason is obvious. For glass-painting, far from being mere "records of private affec-

<sup>1</sup> *A History of Design in Painted Glass.* Introduction to vol. 1.

tion," was, like its older sister-ârt, mural painting, eagerly pressed into the service of God by the Church as a vehicle of instruction to the faithful. The Jesse Tree, portraying in so striking a manner the fulfilment of one of the most important of the Old Testament prophecies of the Incarnation, was deservedly popular, and especially so in Wales, owing possibly to the prominence it gives King David. The essentials for a true Jesse Tree may be gathered from the prophecy of Isaiah itself, which it illustrates. "*And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse and a flower shall rise up out of his root. And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness. And he shall be filled with the spirit of the fear of the Lord.*"<sup>1</sup>

As a rule then Jesse is represented lying on a couch at the base of the picture; out of his heart or side there springs the Genealogical Tree, its branches spreading out laterally over every portion of the window. On the Tree above Jesse are his descendants, the Kings of Juda and the Patriarchs, according to the genealogy of St. Matthew.<sup>2</sup> At the summit of the Tree is He, Who gives meaning to the whole, the Flower of the Root of Jesse. Sometimes He is represented as a full-grown Man, the uncrowned King of Kings, as at Chartres, or in all the glory and majesty of His Divine Kingship, as at Winchester; sometimes as a little Child in His Mother's arms as in the two Welsh Jesses. Above Him is the Holy Ghost, and below Him, if He is not borne in her arms, is His Virgin Mother—"conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"—; around and above are seven doves, nimbed, representing the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost spoken of by Isaiah. At the sides of the main picture, or later in the tracery, are the Prophets who foretold His Coming.

The Kings are represented in earlier glass as full-length figures, seated and grasping the branches of the Tree with both hands, as at Chartres, Beauvais, and York; later, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the figures vary between full-length figures standing or seated, and demi-figures emerging from a flower—"a flower shall rise up out of his root"—they no longer grasp the branches of the Tree, and often hold in their hands an emblem of that which is usually associated with their names. David, for instance, is represented with a harp, Solomon with a miniature of the Temple. The name

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xi. 1, 2.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew i. 6—16.

of each figure is written on a scroll above it or at the side. The number of these ancestors of our Lord varies with the size and date of the window and the scale of the figures. In the Chartres window, already mentioned, there are only four, and all of them Kings; at Llanrhaiadr there are sixteen, some kings, some not; at Dyserth there are as many as forty-four, to which number must be added at least seven more, including Jesse, which have been destroyed. The costumes vary exceedingly; in the twelfth and thirteenth century the kings are robed in classical drapery and wear crowns of Byzantine pattern. With the advent of the Decorated style (fourteenth century), the dress and all the details in the design become less conventional and more natural, and the kings appear robed in the fashion of the day. This continued to the decline of the art in the sixteenth century, so that the costumes are a fairly safe guide to the approximate date and country of origin of any particular window. The kings are sometimes crowned, sometimes not; sometimes they bear a mace, at others they have nothing distinctive of their rank. Differences such as this often occur in the same window; at Llanrhaiadr for instance, Kings Joras and Manasses bear neither crowns nor maces, Asa and Josaphat have both, David has a harp and no crown, whilst Solomon is crowned and holds an effigy of the Temple.

Such in general are the principal features that are found on the Jesse window, and most windows conformed very closely to the type, whether it was that, as Westlake suggests, there were very few localities where these windows were made and hence they all emanated from only two or three schools, or whether it was that in this particular subject, which was so full of instruction for the people, it was not considered right to depart appreciably from the type. That there were, however, some few divergences of a minor character, will appear from the following brief enumeration of some of the churches which still possess complete or fragmentary Jesses.

At York and Canterbury there are fragments of twelfth century Jesses of the Chartres type; they are probably not English work and may well have been designed by the artist of the Chartres window. Salisbury has a few relics of a thirteenth century Jesse, so also has the church of Westwell in Kent. The last named shows our Lord in full manhood with the Holy Ghost above and our Lady below Him.

In the fourteenth century [says Westlake]<sup>1</sup> there was evidently a great popular taste for painted glass. It was undoubtedly the fashionable art; nearly every church of importance was embellished with it.

Consequently we find more numerous traces of Jesse windows belonging to the late Plantagenet period. Jesses were set up at Wells, Carlisle, Selby, Mancetter, Bristol, Shrewsbury and York. In at least two of these windows, at Wells and Selby the tracery was used for a "Doom," that is a picture of the Last Judgment.<sup>2</sup> Wells Cathedral and St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, are instances of a remarkable departure from the ordinary type of Jesse Tree; at Wells the figure of our Saviour is hanging on the Cross, and the Shrewsbury Jesse finishes with both our Lady and St. Joseph. This glass seems to be of partly French and partly English origin.

With the advent of Richard II. to the throne (1399), the Decorated style of painted glass, as of architecture, gradually gave place to the Perpendicular. An example of a Perpendicular Jesse window of the fifteenth century is to be seen in Winchester College; also in St. Michael's, Spurriergate, St. Denis Walmgate, St. Sampson's and the Cathedral, York, the third Jesse that seems to have been set up in York Minster; at Gloucester, Margaretting, Leverington, Rushden, Newnham Paddox, &c. Of sixteenth century Jesses may be mentioned a fragment in St. James's Church, Bury St. Edmund's, and the almost perfect specimens at Dyserth in Flintshire, and Llanrhaidr in Denbighshire—if indeed the last is not earlier work.

These two Welsh windows must detain us a little longer. The one at Llanrhaidr is a five-light Perpendicular window; the lights are surmounted by somewhat unusually elaborate and beautiful tracery.

The recumbent figure of Jesse occupies the bottom of three out of the five lights. The main stem which proceeds from his side forms three ovals in the centre light; in the uppermost of which is represented the Blessed Virgin

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* ii. p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> The same window thus reminding the worshippers both of the First and Second comings of Christ. Sometimes when the Jesse was in the East window, the "Doom" was figured in the West window, to remind the faithful as they left the church of the coming of the most certain of all things, their own death and judgment. Examples are at Fairford, and St. Gudule (Brussels). When the Jesse occupied the West window, the "Doom" was often painted over the chancel arch. (Cf. Westlake, i. p. 20, note).

(crowned) with the Divine Infant in her arms; in the next is King Joras, in the lowest David playing upon a harp. All these are full length figures [each measures twenty-five inches]. Side branches proceed from the ovals and form three scrolls in each of the lights next to the central light, and four scrolls in each of the outer lights. Each scroll terminates in a flower—"and a flower shall rise up out of his root"—from the centre of which issues the demi-figure of a Patriarch or King. David is flanked by Solomon with a miniature of the Temple in his right hand and Roboam. Above these there is another triplet of Kings, Asa, Joras and Josaphat. Abias, who occurs in the genealogy of St. Matthew, is not represented in the window. In the outer left hand light there is a third set of three kings, Achaz, Ezechias, and Manasses, and on either side of our Lady are the last two kings of Juda before the Babylonian Captivity, Josias and Jechonias; whilst the four spaces in the outer right hand light are occupied by four of the post-exilic ancestors, Abiud, Zorobabel, Salathiel, and Sadoc.

The present positions of the various figures does not seem to have any particular meaning; it is quite possible that some of them have got out of place, perhaps when the glass was put back in 1661 after the removal to be mentioned later. The Prophets are represented by Moses in the bottom left hand corner, and by Isaias, Zacharias, Elias, Abdias, and Joel in the principal tracery lights. Just above our Lady in a small circle of glass is represented, according to the late Mr. Charles Winston,<sup>1</sup> the Pelican feeding her young. If this is really a *pelican* and not a *dove* for the Holy Spirit it is again a variation from the traditional type. The emblems of the Evangelists originally occupied the heads of the remaining four lower lights; of these the only one left is the Winged Bull of St. Luke over Abiud.

In the centre light above the figure of Jesse is written "*Radix Jesse.*" Higher up over the head of King David is a long scroll bearing the words "*Misericordias Domini in aeternum cantabo.*"<sup>1</sup> *R.I.*" Mr. Winston pronounced this scroll to be the only example of palimpsest in painted glass he

<sup>1</sup> The substance of this description of the Llanrhaidr Jesse Tree is taken from an unpublished paper by Mr. Charles Winston read in the church at the Ruthin meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association in 1887. Cf. *Archæologia Cambrensis*, series v. vol. 4 (1887), p. 350. Each detail has been verified by the writer from a careful examination of the window itself.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm lxxxviii. 2.

had ever met with. For on a careful inspection it appears that the words originally written on the scroll were: "*Orate pro bono Statu Roberti Jonnes, clerici, qui hoc lumen vitrari fecit.*" These words were probably considered too "popish" by some post-Reformation incumbent and therefore changed to the unexceptionable opening words of Psalm lxxxviii. The year in which Robert Jones glazed the window is given below the Patriarch Sadoc, who is the lowest figure in the right hand light, as "*MCCCCCXXXIII*"; corresponding to this in the opposite corner of the window, under Moses, are the words *Anno Domini*.

If this date is right, the year in which this window was made was 1533, the year before the Great Schism from Rome. It seems, however, more than doubtful that this glass can be as late as the second quarter of the sixteenth century. The dress is clearly not of the Tudor fashion, but of that in vogue during the reign of Henry VI.; the general design and treatment too is rather that of the middle of the fifteenth than of the sixteenth century. Can it be that this is an example of what Westlake<sup>1</sup> so often describes as a survival of an antiquated style "from the circumstance that older artists were still working in the style in which they had been educated, perhaps fifty years before?" It is hardly likely, unless it was the product of a glass-making school that had retained very old fashioned methods indeed; for if the Llanrhaiadr glass is compared with that of King's College, Cambridge, which was executed thirty years earlier than the reputed date of the Welsh Jesse, the latter looks quite fifty years earlier still than the King's College glass. On the whole, perhaps the rather bold supposition that there is a "C" too many, and that the date should read "*MCCCCXXXIII*." (1433) may be the best explanation.<sup>2</sup> Another theory which has been advanced is, that the date 1533 refers to the removal of the glass from some previous situation and its erection in its present position. The complicated and unusual tracery is decidedly against such a theory; the tracery glass representing the Prophets fits it so well as to appear to have been made for it. The same remark will apply with equal force to the rest of the glass, for the spaces between the mullions are exactly the right width to show off to best advantage the design of the whole subject; so that if the glass was originally set up elsewhere, on its

<sup>1</sup> Westlake, iv. p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See Westlake, iv. p. 163, note.



removal to Llanrhaiadr either all the stonework was brought with it, or an exact copy of the original stonework was made to receive it—both are somewhat unlikely suppositions.

There are two local traditions with regard to its origin which at first might seem irreconcilable; the first that the window was set up out of the offerings of the pilgrims to St. Dyfnog's Well, the other that it came from Basingwerk Abbey on the dissolution of that monastery. We incline to the belief that the first of these traditions is the correct one, and in support of our belief can quote so great an authority as the late Mr. Charles Winston, who in the paper cited above, says: "It is the only example that to my knowledge exists in the United Kingdom of a Jesse painted in the early part of the sixteenth century [he accepts therefore the date 1533], *and which remains in its original situation.*"<sup>1</sup> It will be seen later how the tradition of a connection with Basingwerk may be easily explained without supposing that the Jesse originally adorned the church of that monastery.

The history of the glass since the Reformation is remarkable. Even a cursory examination of the window reveals the fact that the glass in the tracery is not in such good preservation as the lower lights. The explanation is simple; the latter were removed, according to local tradition, when endangered by the Puritan troubles in the seventeenth century, packed in the huge oaken parish chest, still to be seen in the church, and buried in the dingle behind the church near St. Dyfnog's Well. There is every likelihood that the tradition is right, for this beautiful window, in full view of the road that joins Ruthin and Denbigh, must most certainly have shared the fate of its fellow in the same church, the fragments of which are now set up in the small west window, when Cromwell's armies were in the valley in 1646. The year after the Restoration (1661), the chest was unearthed and the glass replaced in its original position. It must have been on this occasion that some of the figures were put in the wrong places, and it was probably then that the original inscription on the scroll above David was partially erased, as being too "popish," and the new one substituted. It is pleasant to be able to add, that the reverent care now expended on this treasure, and indeed on everything in the church, is as great as that which in more troublous days preserved it from the

<sup>1</sup> (*Italics ours*). See also *Archæologia Cambrensis*, series v. vol. iv. (1887), p. 350.

iconoclastic fury of the Puritan "Saints." Only three years ago the glass was all taken down, cleaned and carefully replaced at considerable expense.

Very different to the window just described is the five-light Jesse in the chancel of Dyserth Church, Flints. Though the colouring is rich and beautiful and the general prevalence of white and gold serves as a good set-off to the deep rich purples and reds of the robes of the kings, still the vast number of the latter makes the picture appear over-crowded. Jesse himself and the six or eight figures that must have been on either side of him have completely disappeared; yet in spite of this there are still forty-four ancestors of our Lord in the window. These are arranged in groups of three, one full-length figure flanked by a pair of kings issuing from the centre of a flower. Over the head of most of the figures is a scroll bearing the name of the ancestor represented. Several, however, of the full-length figures and two of the demi-figures have lost their scrolls.

There are many remarkable features in this window. In the first place, at least four of the figures, Abraham and Kings Joram, Asa, Jehosaphat occur twice over, as is evidenced by their scrolls; besides this, other figures are repeated, but under different names, in some cases with a slight variation in the colour of the dress, in others without. This is sometimes taken to imply that the glass is really part of two distinct but similar Jesses. Archdeacon Thomas<sup>1</sup> is loth to concede this; he says: "It is evident that they were made for this window, as they fit exactly in the spaces between the mullions." This reason is hardly convincing, for only a very slight examination of the windows shows that many of the figures and some of the scrolls look as though they ought to occupy wider lights—see for example almost any one of the demi-figures, and the half scrolls that run into the mullions at the top of the lights on either side of the central light. But perhaps even more convincing than this, is the fact that two different styles of scrolls with distinct types of lettering occur, though they do not in all cases occur, as one would expect, over the duplicate figures; this, however, is easily explained by a faulty arrangement of figures and scrolls when they were set in their present positions. The drawing, too, notably of the hair and beard, is clearly of two distinct types.

<sup>1</sup> "An address on the History of Dyserth church, Jesse Window, Cross, &c." delivered on Easter Day, 1898.

Other noteworthy features of the window are the presence of Abraham, Jacob, Salmon, Obed, and several other ancestors anterior to Jesse; the absence of the doves representing the gifts of the Holy Ghost; the absence of the Prophets. These peculiarities show a wide divergence from the ordinary type of Jesse Tree; but the occasional glimpses of the Genealogical Tree and the gigantic flowers from which issue our Lady holding the Child Jesus in her arms, as well as the demi-figures of the kings sufficiently indicate that it was intended to be a Jesse. The tracery lights are occupied by the twelve Apostles, each with his special emblem and a scroll bearing his name and the article of the Creed traditionally assigned to him. In an opening on the extreme left, next to the Apostle St. Thomas, are the arms of the Conwys of Bodrhyddan quartered with those of the Creveçœurs, former Lords of Prestatyn; on the other side, in a corresponding position, are "The Cross Keys" used now as the arms of the Bishops of St. Asaph.

It is fortunately easy to assign the dates at which the various parts of this window were made; for it is almost certain that the tracery glass with its reds and blues is nearly a century older than the lower lights with their predominant white and gold. Gold and white is a marked characteristic of sixteenth century work; hence the colouring and the unmistakable Tudor costumes of the Jesse would sufficiently date the window even without the will of Peter Conway, who in 1531, bequeathed ten marcs "*ad fabricandam fenestram in dicta ecclesia (de Des'th).*" On the other hand it is known that formerly there was an inscription on the window which ran "*Orate pro bono statu parochianorum ad faciend' istam fenestram MCCCCL,*" which in all probability gives the date of the glass that formerly composed the window and of which the Apostles in the tracery is all that is left.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps it may be remarked here that as there is far less gold and white in the Llanrhaiadr Jesse than in that at Dyserth, this fact added to the older-fashioned costumes would *a priori* show it to be earlier work than its Dyserth rival. And yet as we have seen its date (1533), would proclaim it to be its junior by two years!

The question naturally suggests itself, "Where was painted glass made in England?" It is a question far easier

<sup>1</sup> See the Easter-day Address of Archdeacon Thomas before cited, and also his *Hist. of the Dioc. of St. Asaph*.

to ask than to answer. We have seen that the first real *painted* glass was in all probability made in France; and it is more than likely that, as it was from France that the use of glass for church windows was introduced into Anglo-Saxon England, so it was also from France that painted glass first found its way into Norman England. Long after the Norman Conquest, French influence is paramount in English glass, and not improbably French artists and glaziers had a monopoly of the trade. Under the Edwards, however, the influence of France and things French began to be superseded, and a national English spirit came into existence; and it is certain that from the reign of Edward III. English artists and English glaziers began to compete successfully with the foreign glass-makers. In confirmation of this opinion the authority of Mr. Westlake<sup>1</sup> may be cited. Speaking of the beginning of the fourteenth century, he conjectures that there was either in Normandy or somewhere in England one great atelier under royal patronage, which produced most of the glass; but towards the close of the reign of Edward III., after the first period of the Hundred Years' War, he considers that there were no less than seven schools of English glass-painting, viz. at York, Coventry, Northampton, Bristol, Wells, Winchester, and somewhere in Kent.

To us the further question occurs, was not painted glass made in the monasteries, ever centres of art of all kinds? Unhappily no positive evidence on this head seems to be forthcoming, although, on the other hand, there is certainly no reason to suppose that painted glass was not manufactured at least in the greater monasteries. The fact is that in regard to the history of the mediæval arts and crafts in England there is much to be done yet, before we can speak with any certainty. In connection, however, with the two windows, which have especially engaged our attention, there is a local tradition which is significant. According to this tradition both the Jesses at Llanrhaiadr and Dyserth, as well as the "Sacrament" window at Llandyrnog, and the glass in Llanasa Church, are said to have come from Basingwerk Abbey. Such a tradition should have some sort of foundation. It is not, of course, impossible that all this glass, and perhaps much more that has perished, was originally made *for* Basingwerk Abbey; but, on the other hand, may it not be at least equally possible that the tradition exists because the glass was made

<sup>1</sup> Westlake, vol. ii. p. 41.

at Basingwerk Abbey?<sup>1</sup> In the case of the Llanrhaiadr Jesse the last hypothesis would sufficiently explain both its supposed connection with Basingwerk and the fact that it seems quite beyond question that the glass was originally intended to fit the very window in which it now is. Mr. C. E. Kempe, after rearranging the glass at Llandyrnog during the incumbency of the Rev. David Williams, described it to a correspondent as "most unusually coarse and rude;" and adds that "the rude execution may give colour to its local origin." However this may be, whether painted glass was made in monasteries or not, it is quite certain that there were non-monastic factories as well, though these seem in some instances at least to have been semi-ecclesiastical in character.

In conclusion, what is recorded of Geoffrey de Champ-Allemand, Bishop of Auxerre (1052—1076), is interesting in this connection and may be a sign of a practice that was widespread. The writer of the *De Gestis Episcoporum Antisiodorensium*,<sup>2</sup> after describing how, when Bishop Geoffrey's cathedral was gutted by fire "about two years before the same holy Father died," he "with assiduous solicitude" roofed it over in the short space of a single year, and made five of the officers of his household responsible for the construction of a window apiece in the apse, and his chaplain for a sixth and larger one to light the altar of St. Alexander, he continues:—

He also made choice, with the full and grateful approval of his chapter, of certain persons, whom out of pure good will he appointed Canons for the performance of certain specified duties. These included a worthy priest who should daily offer Mass for the departed Canons of our Cathedral, a clever goldsmith, a skilled painter, a cunning worker in glass, and others who each in his own line might render good service to the Church.

It does not appear from the narration whether the windows were *painted*, nor yet whether the "cunning worker in

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Thomas, *Hist. of Diocese of St. Asaph*, section on Llanrhaiadr, mentions the two theories as to its original source and then appends this note: "The date 'MCCCCXXXIII,' would thus accord with the time of setting it up there (at Basingwerk); or it may, like many others, have been made at that Abbey." (Italics ours).

<sup>2</sup> Migne's *Patrology*, *Pat. Lat.* vol. 138, column 282. See also Westlake, i. p. 86, note.

glass " was a cleric or a layman;<sup>1</sup> but from the fact that a glass-maker was given a prebend at Auxerre, one can draw the conclusion that the glazier's craft was one highly esteemed by the Church, and perhaps even that it was then regarded as possessing a semi-ecclesiastical character. With less certainty can we venture upon the conjecture that the craft developed along these lines and remained in its great age largely in the hands of clerics. If our conjecture is correct, the wealth and importance of the monasteries and the zeal with which they devoted themselves to every branch of ecclesiastical art would suggest, that it is at least not unreasonable to suppose that they took a leading part in the development of so noble a craft as that of the Glass-Painter.

K. DIGBY BESTE.

<sup>1</sup> Laymen were sometimes given prebends in a Cathedral with the title of *Canonici honorarii*. See *Kirchenlexikon*, vol. ii. column 1835, article, "Canonikat und Canoniker."

## *Those of his own Household.<sup>1</sup>*

MADAME CORENTINE.

### CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, when Simone entered her mother's room, she found her asleep, worn out with her long, tearful vigil. The daughter crept in on tip-toe, and wakened her mother with a silent kiss and embrace; knowing with the loving intuition of a growing girl, that it is better to heal wounds with caresses than with arguments or explanations. As she went back into her bedroom, rejoicing that they were fast friends again, she gave one glance from under her long eyelashes at the work-frame. The pen-stroke marked in Indian ink had gone no farther.

Madame l'Héréec guessed what was in her daughter's mind.

"My eyes were too tired to go on last night," she remarked.

A little later they went down into the shop which the servant had just opened and swept. It was a very fine day, and the goods displayed in the window of *La Lande Fleurie* looked quite pretty in the dazzling morning sunshine. Points of light glanced off in all the colours of the rainbow, from quantities of little polished objects: Rhine stones, brooches, bracelets, hat-pins, enamels, ivory and feather fans. The sun illuminated the edges of great Indian shells, it shone on ptarmigan's claws mounted on penholders and paper-knives, it sent streaks of coppery radiance down the polished cabbage-sticks stacked in a corner, set an aureole round Japanese plates, and glittered on glass vases containing piled up heaps of tobacco, sold untaxed on free English territory. "Virginian," "Old Judge," "Army and Navy Mixture," "Richmond Gem," and "Orient" gave an Eastern fragrance to the atmosphere of

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the French of René Bazin, by L. M. Leggatt.



the shop. Simone liked all the pretty shining wares, and she loved a fine day. She came down as if she were entering a ball-room, her bright eyes taking everything in; feeling that she and the sunshine were made for each other.

Madame Corentine seemed uncomfortably dazzled by the glare. She sat down at a desk in the middle of the room, and buried herself in accounts, while her daughter arranged a show-case containing jewellery made of Jersey spar and enamelled coins of the country. Simone's fingers lightly rearranged the window where the stock had been disturbed in serving customers the day before, setting a blue or pink stone here and there in a more advantageous position, or flicking away a speck of dust. She liked such dainty work and did it well. As a rule her mind remained inactive, her thoughts not going much farther than her hands. She was so young in every sense, that the sunshine was enough to make her happy. Now she was thinking of her father, who perhaps at this very hour was reading her name on the slip of paper. She felt a little thrill of anxiety as to how he would receive it. In her mind's eye she distinctly saw the garden, and the room where probably M. l'Héréec and the severe Madame Jeanne were sitting. . . . Suddenly the bell would ring and old Gote would open the door. After that she could picture nothing distinctly, not even her father's face. Five years' absence had dimmed his features and the expression of his eyes, and she could not even recall the sound of his voice. It was as if death had come between them, dropping veil over veil over the past, as the years went by. She did not possess even a picture to remind her of what was once so dear. Everything to do with the absent father had been banished from the new home, except a faded photograph taken a few weeks after marriage, of which she had caught a glimpse one day, when Madame l'Héréec was turning over packets of folded letters.

She paused in her work to look at her mother.

Madame Corentine was thinking deeply, with eyes gazing vaguely and sadly out into the street, and chin propped on one hand. How a few written words had changed everything in one night!

Simone returned to her occupation. From time to time she glanced towards the desk from which proceeded no sound but the scratching of pen on paper. No movement of a lifted arm cast any shadow on the shining parquet floor. The

downcast face preserved its thoughtful expression. Evidently Madame Corentine was preoccupied with more than even her old sorrows.

After lunch she announced her intention of calling on Miss Helen Crawford, an old maid in very reduced circumstances, who gave herself out as a governess. No one, however, had ever seen a pupil of hers, but she did not seem to feel anything derogatory in rendering people many little services in exchange for compensation; thus avoiding taking some regularly paid but much lower employment. Miss Helen would look after a cottage, engage a cook, or nurse geraniums and fuschias, left behind by visitors or travellers, in her little garden in the Springfield Road. Simone, alone in the shop, wondered what her mother could possibly wish to confide to Miss Crawford. Her curiosity was not satisfied for over an hour. She had time to sell half-a-dozen cabbage sticks, oxydized silver brooches, and views of Jersey, before her mother came back, when the shop was once more empty, and no one looking at the window.

"Simone," she said, "I have just arranged with Miss Helen to take care of the house for a time. I am thinking of going away."

"With me?"

"Yes. Marie-Anne very much wants me to be god-mother to her baby. I've been thinking over it, and I've accepted."

"Oh, Mama!" and the young girl crossed the shop, all joyful surprise, to where Madame Corentine was standing by the inner door, taking off her hat.

"Are we going to Perros?" she said.

"Certainly."

"To stay with Grandfather Guen?"

"And at Lannion too, if you wish."

Simone was beginning her thanks, but as she put her arms round her mother's neck she found herself gently but unmistakably repulsed.

"Don't, child, don't. We aren't going just this minute, in any case. Miss Helen will be too busy to come for another three or four days."

The girl recoiled. She saw that her mother was crying; and her happiness received a sudden check. She was cut to the heart; and once more the two women felt a pang; with all their love for each other, they could not agree.

But the next moment they both re-entered the shop, and Madame Corentine asked Simone to go and fetch some papers from upstairs. The girl ran up, and as she went, could not repress a growing feeling of joy. She had to pass a landing window through which could be seen over the neighbouring roofs, the far end of the jetty, and a wide expanse of sea. Simone stopped and looked longingly at the blue line in the distance, the limit of her hopes. Then as no one was by to see, she blew a kiss towards the invisible coast of France.

When she came down she went into her bedroom for no particular reason, but it looked even prettier than ever. Words and thoughts of all kinds seemed whirling in her head like butterflies in spring: Perros, Trestraou, Marie-Anne, Lannion, Guen, Sullian . . . . father! She smiled at them all.

### CHAPTER III.

No sooner had Madame Corentine decided on the expedition to Lannion than she regretted it. When she went on board the little English steamer plying between Jersey and St. Malo, four days after the interview with Miss Crawford, she was pale and nervous, and too preoccupied with her own sad thoughts to notice anything going on around her. She established herself on a deck-chair in the stern of the ship, wrapped her head in a shawl and dismissed Simone on pretext of sea-sickness.

"Leave me now," she said, "I shall keep my eyes shut till we reach St. Malo."

Then she let her thoughts return to a possible separation from her child, and went over everything which had passed between them during the last walk. Sudden panics assailed her. She feared her daughter would be literally stolen from her. With an instinctive gesture of self-defence, her hand touched the nickel-fitted bag beside her, containing the charter of her freedom, the deed whose every word was engraven on her memory indelibly. . . . "In the name of the Republic, &c. . . . separation between the said l'Héréec and his wife . . . . the plaintiff to have sole charge of the child, whom she undertakes to send to the husband for the month of September . . . ." Would they dare drag her daughter from her after that? No, he had pledged his word. Law and justice were on her side, and she would

invoke both if necessary. She repeated all this to herself, and yet kept entangling her mind in those confused memories, apprehensions, and contradictions which do not help to undo harm, and only weaken mental energy.

Simone at first refused to leave her, but as Madame l'Héréec was lying quietly on her chair, she concluded her mother was dozing, and went up on to the bridge, where she found the lieutenant, an Irishman known to them both. The ship carried few passengers. Simone leaned her elbows on the iron rail, and let the wind blow her hair about her face. During the two hours' crossing, while the vessel cut through the choppy waves, she showed all a child's curiosity in questions about the route and the general handling of the vessel, asking which tides might run the ship aground, and whereabouts beacons were. The lieutenant told her sea-stories, smiling behind his fair beard at the girl's remarks, pointing out rocks above the water, and frothy clusters of foam which indicated where others lay below. Presently Cézembre, round as the setting of a ring, became visible. The French coast, at first a mere line, broke into irregularities, took on definite colour, and rose well above the horizon. The steeple of St. Malo soared into the blue sky as they came to the mouth of the Rance, a wide, splendid estuary with rocky golden banks shutting in the blue waters, against a distant background of forests. It recalled the Norwegian fjords. Simone was enthusiastic in her admiration as she went down the companion-way. She was surprised to see her mother standing up, smiling through her long tortoiseshell eye-glasses.

"Isn't Brittany lovely!" cried the girl.

"Beautiful," returned the mother, less enthusiastically, and with a gravity which Simone could not fail to notice. "It makes one feel funny to be in France again, somehow, doesn't it, Simonette?" And she patted Simone's cheek with her gloved fingers.

They took the train at once, but stopped at Plouaret. It was not until ten o'clock next morning that a hired fly was sent for, to take them on to Perros by way of Lannion. Corentine would not risk meeting her husband, and tried to avoid even the sight of the massive house in the Rue du Pavé-Neuf, which stood out between double gardens, its brown shutters and long, zinc-edged roof visible from the opposite cliffs above the elm trees of Guer.

They drove across country by a road which wound past

farmhouses. It was a typical Breton morning, the air soft and damp, and the sky overcast. The mist, carrying aromas of grass and thatch, still filled the valleys, and hung like smoke among low bushes, while the sun was already hot on the pine-crowned ridges above. Larks, so numerous on that coast, flew up towards the sea. Noon would bring a short spell of glorious sunshine.

At first Madame Corentine sat beside her daughter in silence, constantly glancing in the direction of the heights which shut out Lannion, her eyes bright at the thought of possible danger, and her haughty little head showing defiance and rebellion in every movement. Then the momentary excitement died down, and her blue eyes began to take in the familiar objects on the way. As she drove past spots so familiar to her in childhood, girlhood, and early bridal days, a peaceful, half-smiling expression crept into her face. When at last the blue hills of Lannion were plainly to be seen, and the horses, trotting quickly in the sea air, were rapidly approaching Perros, she had forgotten her resentment, for the time at any rate. Madame Corentine began to answer her daughter's questions, named the churches visible here and there, and leaned out whenever Simone tried to read the numbers on the mile-stones. The glamour of home-coming was working now; and mother and child were at one in their happy anticipations. On the hills the pine-trees were sighing in the wind and waving their plummy crests. The sea began to show through the narrow valleys, each with its brook full of mint plants and its little farm tucked away among the trees. Fresh breezes blew towards them and the waves sparkled in the gap between the cliffs. They were nearing Perros.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Catch hold of the hawser, my girl!"

Captain Guen, who was sculling round Perros jetty, threw a coil of rope on to the high granite dyke covered with seaweed, which looked like some old ivy-crowned wall. Marie-Anne bent slowly, and fastened the rope to the highest rung of an iron ladder. The coastguard on duty stood looking on.

"Have you had a good haul, father?"

Guen, without answering, began shipping his oars. In

the bottom of the boat he put the pine-wood pole and boat-hook, which he had used as bowsprit. "The noise of the wooden objects falling against each other, echoed over the waters of the little bay, and the sound was a delight to the Captain, calling attention, as it did, to the important fact of his landing. He was in no hurry, and seaside visitors came up to try and buy some of his fish.

"You must have plenty as you don't answer," pursued the young wife.

The Captain went on with his preparations. He put away his tarpaulin cover, slipped on the worn coat with brass buttons, which he considered dignified, and seizing one of the sides of the ladder, he went up, carrying in his other hand a basket dripping with scaly salt water.

"There!" he said, when he stood on the jetty: "ten dory, two rock-fish, and one small conger eel!"

"How much are your dory, my man?" asked a male voice from a group of bystanders.

"My fish are not for sale," answered the Captain. He drew himself up when he saw the "gallos," or strangers, whom he did not particularly care for; and as he was very tall, he looked right over their heads at some object in the distance. It was his habit immediately on landing, to go and see that all was in order at home. It was always a joy to him to look at his house. It stood slightly back from the others in the row; the door was sheltered by a wind screen, but the two windows overlooking the bay were open till night-fall to the sea breezes. Captain Guen did not look at all like the usual fish-trading sailor. His slight sunburnt throat supported a bird-like head, shaped somewhat like a gull's, and like those of many sailors, his large clear eyes were of the mingled blue and green of transparent water.

When he had satisfied himself that nothing required his presence in Lower Perros, he called to his daughter to take up the basket, the coastguard touched his cap, and Guen walked quickly towards the town. When they had reached the place where the jetty curves round to the harbour, he looked back at the stranger who had wasted his time, and shrugged his shoulders. His voice was gentler, and a kind of smile puckered his weather-beaten cheeks.

"Well, Marie-Anne!" he said, "a good haul, wasn't it?"

"Yes, father."

"And I only went as far as *La Noire de Thomé*. I was

thinking of other things all the time and wondering if any one had arrived. No one has, I suppose?"

"No, no one," answered Marie-Anne, shifting the basket from one hand to the other.

"And no letters either?"

"No."

"Well, they'll come to-morrow. What a pity Sullian isn't here; he's so fond of rock-fish soup. You must take them to the Tudys, they're poor and will be glad of them."

"Yes, father."

They walked along the quay where several well-known characters of the place, old sailors who had given up going to sea, were lounging about on coils of rope and exchanged grumbling salutations with the still active Captain Guen. They mumbled a kind of good-day, and nodded indifferently, as if saluting passing ships.

Guen turned to the right and entered the tiny *cul-de-sac* forming a miniature courtyard in front of his house; he passed under the slate-covered penthouse which in stormy weather rattled like a pair of castanets, and opened his door.

No letters! He was growing uneasy. Why had neither Corentine nor Sullian written? He sat down in his usual attitude, astride of a chair, in front of the small fire where his supper was cooking, and lit his pipe.

"I'm going out, father," said Marie-Anne, "I'm going to the Tudys."

When the door had closed behind her, the long smoke-blackened room was once more in semi-darkness. One very small barred window on the right of the door was the only source of light. Twilight was never long coming to the low-roofed chamber, which was the Captain's fish-larder and kitchen combined. All it contained were a table and chairs, some nets and lines rolled up on their cork spools, a pair of sculls on the wall, and a new sail in one corner. A bed had been put up at one end for the Captain, in case the Jersey travellers came, and his room was ready for them to occupy. But they had given no sign!

Still, there was no cause for anxiety. He knew Corentine was careless about letters and appointments, and quite capable of arriving without any warning. Captain Guen had no illusions about his daughter, in spite of his absorbing love for her; but the mere idea that she might really come back, and stay in her old home, made his heart leap. She had



always been his favourite, as everyone knew; he thought her more beautiful each time he came back from sea. It had been his pride to give her a much bigger dowry than most girls in her rank of life could expect, and he knew that her twenty thousand francs (eight hundred pounds) might very easily have attracted a merchant captain or Government official, or some man in a position Captain Guen himself would have liked to fill. His greatest trouble had been his eldest daughter, but he bore her no malice. He had made all possible excuses. "Wait a bit, time will work wonders," he kept on saying, and when she was literally turned out of Lannion, repudiated and driven back to take shelter in her old home during the trial, he met the flood of scandal and abuse which followed her, with the one remark that: "Corentine had not been understood; she had been too harshly treated." He had no very clear ideas on the matter, having refused to listen to all the reports of his daughter's extravagance, her flirtations and her bad temper. He felt his personal dignity attacked; and suffered, as if under some unjust blow of fortune, when Madame Corentine, finding life as a separated wife equally impossible in Perros or Lannion, finally fled to Jersey. Ever since then, he had taken no interest in anything but his fishing. He spent whole days, and often part of the night, in his sailing boat, always alone in all weathers. His seafaring cronies, who had long since retired, watched him still going to sea, though he was well off and could afford to buy all the fish he wanted, and would say to themselves: "He misses Corentine. The man can't shake off his troubles." And they were right. His little house in the harbour constantly tempted him to sea. He could see everything from his windows; no gust of wind passed unnoticed, he watched every yacht sailing towards the jetty, and everything that flew or skimmed the waters delighted his eyes, down to the coveys of tiny snipe which passed from shore to shore like bubbles of foam driven before the wind. Sometimes, when he had a fit of rheumatism, he would look out of the window for hours at a time, watching the clear-cut curve of the horizon, and fancying himself sailing towards it. Far, far into infinite space he would sail, in command of some intrepid little craft, the *Armida* or the *Légué*, a mere speck on the waters, obedient to his guidance.

He thought of all the distant ports where he had landed to repair damages or take in more cargo, the ships he had

passed, and his successful contracts with naval engineers. He recalled nights spent in his boat, in a ground-swell, the top-sail wailing plaintively, and the breeze whispering round the pine-wood masts, like two singers answering each other in a duet. It was many a long year ago now since he had lost his heart to the sea. He had pledged himself to his mighty mistress, from the days when, a little barefooted cabin-boy, he had run about in the mud at low tide on the beach at Guer, catching crabs and eels under the very keels of schooners lying alongside the wharf. He remembered their wild and stormy amours, which had lasted for forty years of fair and foul weather, and his unspeakable yearning for blue water when anything kept him on land against his will. The night-wind would call to him, and every wave had a beckoning sparkle on its crest, as it rolled back into the surf.

In his veins ran the blood of those adventurous navigators who, centuries ago, would put out to sea in search of unknown islands. He was like the sea-birds who not only seek their food in the ocean, but love to skim and circle over the waters before they try their wings in distant flights. Now all his innocent pleasure in living by the harbour was spoilt by his separation from his elder daughter. Even when he was watching his beloved sea and remembering happy days, he could not quite forget his troubles. There were some slanders and speeches he could never banish from his mind, such as Madame Jeanne's words at the trial. "I knew from the beginning," she had said, "that my son would regret marrying beneath him. I warned him."

"Married beneath him!" Who in all Brittany had the right to use such an expression in connection with a daughter of Captain Guen? Who could accuse his family of anything dishonourable or fraudulent, and where could you find better blood? Indeed his extraction was better perhaps than people guessed, for there were old traditions about the Guens. The Captain never boasted, but he had heard all about them. There was a saying that his race was descended from the Armorican missionary, Saint Guenolé, and as a little child, he had been rocked to sleep under his grandmother's shawl to the sound of old, old tales told in cautious whispers. Captain Guen knew the history of the Saint, an earl's son, whose name meant "white as snow." A white, innocent soul, truly, protected early by monastic discipline under the wing of St. Corentin, who would visit the cliffs of Brittany from time

to time. St. Guenolé was strict and severe only towards himself; his heart melted at the songs of the city of Ys, and he wept before King Grallon at its threatened destruction. He was a lover of solitude, and would have roamed the earth over in the service of God. Many were the youths in rough pagan times, sons of coarse peasant fathers and gentle holy mothers, who handed on the traditions of these two saints, imbibing from the one the love of long adventurous journeys by sea, and from the other that instinctive purity which leads to the vows of religion. Followers of the latter would be seen after great catastrophes, battle, pest, or pillage which had left desolate hearths and trampled harvests, pale from fasting, but with shining faces. In sudden mourning, family feuds, and deaths of the first-born, they were sent for in all haste. They came, bringing consolation, sometimes restoring the dead to their desolate parents. Then they would disappear once more, to avoid the praises and thanks of the outer world. They would re-enter their monasteries, standing among miles of cliff-land and facing the infinite ocean. Sometimes they would take a barley-cake, and with psalter and bell, set out to sea in search of islands where they could be farther away from men and nearer to God. Their hearts would melt with joy at the soft murmur of the waves, and the instinct of their race revived within them as they sailed safely above the hidden rocks.

*(To be continued.)*

## Miscellanea.

### I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

#### Father Robert Southwell and the Babington Plot.

IT has ere this been noted that Father Southwell was the first Catholic to print an account of the Babington Plot from a Catholic point of view;<sup>1</sup> but a much stranger thing has hitherto escaped comment, that he denounced the plot even before it was discovered. To appreciate this we must go back a little, to pick up certain threads of this obscure intrigue; and this will bring us to another new point—that a very determined attempt was made to implicate Southwell himself in the meshes of the plot.

Gilbert Gifford (the well-known *provocateur*), had made the factious Morgan believe that one of his primary objects was to advance Morgan's clique by decrying Allen, Persons, and the Jesuits in general. To aid him in this work, Morgan composed with the help of Edward Grately, a book attacking the Society; and when Gilbert was busy in his last efforts to bring the plot to a head, he "pretended no other errand," for his interviews with Walsingham, than to get this book published.<sup>2</sup> This was in mid-June, 1586. A fortnight later Morgan sent the *provocateur* another message, and, now that we see the writer's real sentiments towards the Jesuits, we shall

<sup>1</sup> J. Morris, *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, ii, 181-189. Father Morris did not know where to find the account, as Southwell's *Supplication to her Majesty* was then believed to be lost (See *THE MONTH*, Jan. 1902, p. 93). It may be noted that Southwell is at first in a contemporary letter (*Cath. Rec. Soc.* v. 314), very severe upon the "wicked and ill-fated conspiracy," whereas in his *Supplication* (pp. 30-40), his condemnation is less sweeping. The explanation is that in the meanwhile some of Gilbert Gifford's letters had fallen into Catholic hands. Much was now known about the "provocation" by which the plot had been fostered; and it was suspected that everything might eventually appear to be due to foul play.

<sup>2</sup> *Hatfield Calendar*, 1586, p. 348; Morris, *Letter-books of Sir Amias Poulet*, p. 219.

know what weight to attach to the pious flourish with which he concludes. "There are two Jesuits sent into England, both very young men, Father Southwell and Father Garnet. God prosper them and their labours!" Allowing for the passage of this letter by the slow intricacies of the quasi-secret post, it would have reached Gilbert in about a fortnight; and he, as we might expect, soon communicated its contents to Walsingham's intermediary, Thomas Phelippes; indeed the letter itself is now among the State papers.<sup>1</sup> Phelippes at once sent on the news (perhaps also the letter) to Walsingham. So Walsingham knew of Southwell's mission simultaneously with Southwell's landing, and not thinking that the Jesuits would have any sympathizers in Court, he spoke of it to others. But in reality, Catholicism had friends even in Elizabeth's entourage, and in very few days Southwell himself heard that, "from the lips of those who are members of the Queen's Council, my name has become known."<sup>2</sup>

Phelippes's note to Walsingham had conveyed Morgan's message to Gilbert transformed by ugly insinuations, which the *provocateur* knew that his employers liked. "He [Gilbert] saith he findeth that Morgan hath sent over two, as he [Gilbert], terms them of great government and discretion, to sett upon some other," and he goes on to suggest that a special spy, Burden, should be put upon their track.<sup>3</sup>

Walsingham, however, chanced to have another means to hand. Babington himself was trying to obtain a licence to travel abroad; and, to merit the favour, promised to supply Walsingham punctually with all the news he should hear. Walsingham affected to think little of the offer, unless it were supported by present action. Let him, for instance, detect the movements of certain suspects, as for instance, of "four men lately embarked at Boulogne for England . . . his service herein would be most acceptable to her Majesty."<sup>4</sup>

Robert Poley, the intermediary, told all this to Babington, who after one day's inquiry sent back word to Walsingham that,

<sup>1</sup> R.O., *Mary Queen of Scots*, xviii. 31.—July 3, 1586, N.S.

<sup>2</sup> Southwell to Aquaviva, July 25, 1586, O.S.,—*Cath. Rec. Soc.* v. 308.

<sup>3</sup> Phelippes to Walsingham, July 17, 1586, O. S.,—Morris, *Sir Amias Poulet*, p. 226.

<sup>4</sup> Poley's Narrative, p. 4.—R.O., *Mary Queen of Scots*, xix. 26. The date is probably July 19th. It may be that in these vague statements Walsingham had confused other clues, and that he was really now off the scent of Southwell. But the answer he received makes it more likely that the obscurities were part of Walsingham's style and that he was on the track.

two of them [that shipped at Boulogne] were Jesuits, and that they were in London, but very close. That himself might have seen them, but—in regard they were so suspect to be dangerous men—he durst not without Mr. Secretary's further pleasure.

"Mr. Secretary's further pleasure" was, of course, that Babington should follow up the clue closely; and this message was conveyed twice, the second time peremptorily.

But at this point the amateur conspirator, again changed his mind, and told Poley that "he thought it impietie to discover those Jesuits, except it might be first surely understood that they were come to practise against her Majestie and the State," and in effect he said nothing more about them, even in his later confessions, which were extremely ample. It is doubtless impossible to explain his conduct rationally, for he was now taking up one wild plan after another, dimly aware, now that it was too late, that he could not control the forces of wickedness, the loosening of which he had sanctioned. Nor did Walsingham on his side exert himself further to enmesh Southwell. Like a great statesman, he was intent on one end, Queen Mary's death. A side-issue, like the arrest of Jesuits, would have been welcome, had it come in the course of his more important business; but as that now absorbed all his energies, the attempt to involve Southwell in the plot is heard of no more.

But the strange point is that, just at the time when the attempt to implicate Southwell ceases, Southwell himself denounces the plot in a letter which is still extant. "At court there is said to be a matter in hand, which if it prove successful, bodes extremity of suffering to us; if unsuccessful, all will be well."<sup>1</sup>

These words were written on July 25th, when Mary's fatal letter was already in Walsingham's hands, and he was confident of the success of his plans. Southwell's words therefore describe the situation at that moment with wonderful precision. He had presumably received the news by the same sure channel, by which he had learned that his name was mentioned at Court. Who the informant was, one cannot conjecture; but we know that Walsingham's plans, which were communicated to Elizabeth, were not an absolute secret in Court circles, and we also know that there were in the royal train, sundry lovers of the old religion and of the *ancien régime*, who might have given a warning, such as Southwell

<sup>1</sup> Southwell to Aquaviva, *Cath. Rec. Soc.* v. 308.

describes, to Southwell's patrons, Lord Vaux, and the Countess of Arundel, and from them, Southwell would soon have heard it. Unfortunately the warning was only given in the vague, "there *is said* to be a matter in hand." Without the knowledge of names and particulars, it was impossible to do anything to stop the mischief. But the record itself at least remains, a singularly interesting proof of the good judgment and the good means of judging, which Southwell possessed.

J. H. P.

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### Superstition in Grain.

IT is not often that we find ourselves cordially in agreement with Mr. F. C. Conybeare, and naturally one does not expect to derive any pleasure from the perusal of the works which that scholar has contributed to the publications of the Rationalist Press Association. But one is glad to find in any opponent, signs of moderation and a wish to qualify extreme views, even though he be undisguisedly engaged upon the task of undermining the foundations upon which the Christian faith is built. Having occasion the other day to look into Mr. Conybeare's *Myth, Magic and Morals*, we stumbled somewhat to our surprise, upon the following passage which ought, it seems to us, to be counted to him for righteousness. There are many of his fellow-rationalists to whom such an utterance will not be particularly welcome:

It only remains to address a warning to those who desire to make a speedy end of orthodox Christianity in the belief that if they could make a *tabula rasa* of the European mind, something much better would instantly take its place. I would advise such dreamers to enter a museum of anthropology, like the Pitt Rivers collection in Oxford, and survey the hideous goblins and ghouls still worshipped by savage races all over the globe. Let them only visit Perugia, and inspect the collection of ancient mediæval and modern Italian fetiches collected there by a Professor Giuseppe Bellucci. There is no difference between those of the present and those of past ages. Perhaps we ought to be grateful to the Catholic Church in Latin countries for having established cults so respectable as those of the Virgin and the saints; for it is certain that in default of them, the Latin peasant would relapse into a fetichism as old as the hills around him. You can turn Spanish and Italian peasants into anti-clericals,



but you seldom turn them into Rationalists. They may give up Christianity; but they only believe all the more firmly in the evil eye, and in all the debasing practices which attend the belief. In the same way the Irish peasant, if you robbed him of his Catholicism, would at once lapse into the cult of hobgoblins; for this in spite of the effort made during centuries by the Church to eradicate it, lies everywhere a very little way below the surface, and belongs to the inmost convolutions of his brain.<sup>1</sup>

All this we believe is substantially true, though we should be tempted to push the argument a little further. It is not only the Italian, Spanish or Irish peasant, but the *genus homo* in all stages of evolution that feels the want of what we may conveniently call an anthropomorphic religion. All men need fetiches, as children and kittens need toys, and they cannot shake themselves loose from them. The elder child who has been promoted to engines, or paints, looks with supreme disdain upon the trifles that amuse his juniors, but he is none the less a slave to what a higher degree of evolution than his own will still call superstitions, and a slave he will remain as long as he retains his human nature and continues on this side of the grave.

H. T.

#### Is the Stonyhurst Sodality the oldest in the world?

While commenting last month on "The Earliest English Sodality B.V.M." (which was shown to be that formerly in the English College, Rome, founded in 1581), the following reference was made in passing to the Sodality at Stonyhurst. "It must by this be the oldest English Sodality now existing. It may possibly be the oldest Sodality which now survives." A little further comment may not be amiss.

The Stonyhurst Sodality was officially founded and aggregated to the Prima Primaria in 1609, and its rules were elaborately revised for St. Omers use in 1629. These dates are indeed venerable for a private scholastic institution still alive, but a significance so special lies in that little word "still," that it may possibly, as the sporting papers say, "constitute a record."

The Stonyhurst Sodality probably has no break of existence at all during its tercentenary. There was an uniform

<sup>1</sup> *Myth, Magic and Morals*, by F. C. Conybeare (issued for the Rationalist Press Association). Second Edition, p. 360. London, 1910.

succession of Sodalists, of meeting rules, and traditions. The college was indeed driven from place to place by the various episodes in the French Revolution (the Suppression of the Society being really only one such episode) without ever intermitting the succession of its schools, its masters, or its scholars. Its classes never fell out except once or twice for a few weeks, and its Sodality continued like its classes. The gaps between the meetings may perhaps have been long during the times of extreme difficulty. That is a matter requiring further investigation. But documentary evidence exists to show that genuine corporate existence has continued all through.

Whether as much can be said of any other Sodality, is not for the present quite so obvious. The French Revolution (counting the Suppression as part of it) overwhelmed the old Sodalities in all parts of the globe in a ruin, which at the time seemed final and unlimited. The more so because in early times Sodalities could only be aggregated to the *Prima Primaria*, if under Jesuit direction. Under these circumstances the dispersal of the Jesuits would seem to have necessarily involved the break up of their Sodalities. As there was no other Jesuit institution but Stonyhurst, which held together all through to the present day, so the inference is that no other Sodality survived as integrally as Stonyhurst's has done.

It is true that many of these fallen Sodalities were afterwards restored, and some are as full of life now as ever they were, and they may also claim to have been founded before 1609. But can any of them claim unbroken existence?

One or two, like the *Prima Primaria*, probably can; having been saved by circumstances similar to, but not identical with those of Stonyhurst. And it is also to be remembered that, while schoolboy Sodalists soon pass away from the College Sodality meetings, Sodalities founded in towns might intermit their sessions for two or three decades and still find enough old members to begin again the identical old Sodality life. But whether the Stonyhurst Sodality be the oldest in the world (in the sense explained) or not, it certainly comes very near to that place of honour.

J. H. P.

**Welsh Disestablishment.**

The Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Welsh dioceses of the Anglican Communion is shortly to be introduced, and is likely to divide with the Home Rule Bill the interest and the activity of the present Session. For the precise character of its provisions we must wait a while, but it is already known what are to be its broad outlines. It will enact that the Church of England, so far as it exists in Wales and Monmouthshire, shall cease to be established by Law. The right of patronage, whether by the King or any other person, will be terminated. Every Ecclesiastical Corporation, that is every diocese, bishopric, chapter, and parish will be dissolved, and as a necessary consequence, all their property will "revert" to the Crown, which will apply it to "definite national purposes," the nature of which is not yet settled. By way of concession, however, the actual incumbents are to keep their present incomes from tithes and other sources of endowment until their death or resignation, and churches, rectories, and vicarages, together with all endowments founded within the last 250 years, are to be left untouched. As the necessary condition for securing these concessions, the ecclesiastical corporations affected by them, though ceasing to be "established by law," are reconstituted as corporations established by private contract, the term "private contract" meaning for this purpose that they are to have the same legal status as though they had been established by contract between the members of the disestablished communion. As to the extent to which this Welsh Church will be impoverished by the measure contemplated there are differences of opinion. The Bishop of St. Asaph's estimate, as given in his Llandudno speech on January 24th, was that out of a present endowment amounting in round numbers to £270,000, the Bill would take away all but about £20,000.

In projecting this measure the Government are probably not animated by any very strong conviction of its intrinsic advisability. They are but yielding to the necessity which under the present conditions of the country presses on all Governments, that of satisfying the classes from which they derive an indispensable political support. It is, as we all know, the Dissenters—that is the political Dissenters—who are at the back of the whole movement. Their ultimate aim

is to disestablish and disendow the Anglican Church in England, and, by destroying in the first instance the portion of it belonging to Wales, they are seeking to drive in the thin end of the wedge. If we ask any of them for their motives they will probably reply that it is against their consciences to tolerate what they call religious inequalities, but the Nonconformist Conscience has become somewhat of a by-word of late years. Obviously their underlying motive is to cripple a Church whose influence is still considerable and is opposed to their own. But how do they think to justify Disendowment, for we may presume that Disestablishment is only demanded as the necessary condition for Disendowment? Many supplementary arguments are put forward, but their fundamental argument is that the ecclesiastical property is national property, and that the nation has a right to do what it will with its own; that it was just to leave this splendid property in the hands of the Anglican Church so long as it was the Church of the whole nation, but now that the nation, under its religious aspect, is split up by the multiplication of sects, to continue the present arrangement would be to let one sect have exclusively to itself what was given to all and should be shared for all; but as that is politically impossible, the next best thing is for the nation to resume its own and re-apply it to some secular objects in the benefit of which all can share alike.

What should be the attitude of Catholics towards this movement? This question has been discussed in some of the Catholic papers, among them in the *Tablet*, which devotes a leading article to it in its issue for February 17th. The *Tablet* writer, after considering some of the arguments urged on its behalf, concludes that the Disendowment movement will ultimately be injurious to religion, and is therefore unworthy of our sympathies. With this conclusion we are ourselves in full agreement, but the general trend of Catholic opinion, among those who give thought to the subject, is probably in favour of the movement. We would plead, however, that the question should be judged on Christian and Catholic principles, not on the principles of this world. It is true enough that the ancient endowments were given to the Catholic Church and were taken away from her by violence, and transferred to the communion which now holds them. That may mean that they are still ours in virtue of the old Canon Law that no length of time-possession by an unjust owner founds a prescription

against the Catholic Church. But whatever the value of this argument in the abstract, the authorities of the Catholic Church put in no practical claim for a restitution of these its former possessions, however useful they might be to enable us to maintain and extend the pressing work we have on hand. There is, surely, but one possible contingency under which we could wish to receive them back, namely, if convinced at last of the unsoundness of their own position the present possessors were to come back with them as a whole body. Short of that we could not find it in us, if it were a question of action to be taken by ourselves and not by the State, suddenly to deprive so many of these Anglican clergy of their means of subsistence, seeing that they are not themselves, as were the leaders of the sixteenth century revolt, ungodly plunderers, but good men who have quietly inherited their present status under a system which has lasted nearly four hundred years, earnest men who show all the signs of good faith and are striving according to their lights to guide the footsteps of their adherents heavenwards, Christian men who, if astray on many points of doctrine have a strong grasp of some of our most fundamental doctrines, and under present conditions are the only body of men who can bear witness for Christ in all the towns and villages of the land—for how could our own clergy, in our present weakness, take their place throughout the country, and how can we repose confidence in the Cliffords, the Hortons, and the Campbells? In old days, in spite of their narrowmindedness, there was sensible piety among the Dissenters, and doubtless there is such still. But the tendencies which are now dominating them are political ambition, a New Theology, and a hopeless emotional fanaticism; and these tendencies are likely to develop and disrupt them.

If we wish to act on Christian principles and not on the principles of this world, this, we would urge, is the primary aspect under which, as Catholics, we should regard the Disendowment movement. Yet by the side of it how unworthy of us some of the arguments now current among us for favouring Disestablishment appear! It has been said that these Protestants have shown no sympathy with the troubles of our Catholic brethren on the Continent, in France and Portugal, and why then should we show sympathy with them in their present trouble? It is true that this sympathy has been denied us by the Protestants of England, though they

can be so clamorous about rumoured injustice on the Congo, or where else it suits their purpose; still it would be hard to prove that the Anglican clergy have been worse than others in this respect; perhaps they have been better. Anyhow, such a suggestion coming from Catholic lips can only be called disedifying. It has been said that, as the property is really ours, and yet it is impossible for the State to restore it to us, it is best, because nearest to its original destination, to apply it to keeping up rural art galleries and such-like things, of which we, the rightful possessors, can avail ourselves, rather than to the maintenance of Protestant worship which we cannot attend. This is ingenious but not persuasive. We cannot lawfully attend Protestant worship in good faith, but they who have been brought up to believe it to be the truth can. And this being so, it should surely be more pleasing to us that our alienated endowments should be employed in training the poor and the young to some knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, than that they should be spent on art galleries which will exercise no religious influence at all.

But there is a consideration of a different order, why we should hesitate to approve of this Disendowment movement, and it is one that the motive of self-interest may commend to us. Is not the Disendowment of the Welsh Church part of a general movement, very popular with our present rulers, for breaking up ancient trusts and applying their funds to purposes which are declared to be "more useful" (in their opinion) in our present age? In the first Education Bill of the present Government the second Part was entirely directed towards empowering the Education Office to annex any educational trust it coveted, and applying its funds to the extension of what they euphemistically call an undenominational, but is in effect a secularist, system of education. They went so far in that Bill as to take power thus to confiscate trust funds, the creation of which dates back more than thirty years. Had the Bill passed all our colleges and schools, seminaries and theologates, would now be at their mercy. Moreover, when once the precedent is created, what guarantee shall we have that the principle will not be extended to other species of trusts, should covetous eyes rest upon them, in particular to religious trusts? The Act which broke into the trust-deeds of the Scottish Free Kirk and divided its funds, was of this nature. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest work is evidently aimed at creating a movement for dividing

up the Anglican Endowments in such wise that pure Modernists who disbelieve in the most fundamental articles of the Christian faith may be allotted a share of their endowments. Threatened with this danger, likely to be so serious for all dogmatic religions, ought we not to set our face in every way against the growing tendency to alienate corporate or quasi-corporate property from its legally secured purposes, and hence inclusively against the movement to this same effect directed against the Anglican Church?

S. F. S.

### **Mythology in the Making.**

In a recent work of Mr. Richard Bagot, a gentleman, by the way, who is particularly fond of assuring his readers that his life is given to telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,<sup>1</sup> we meet, after a characteristic reference to the "atrocities" committed by San Carlo Borromeo, with the following interesting passage:

When we are on the subject of atrocities, however, I think none can equal in grimness an episode which occurred, not in Lombardy, indeed, but in the neighbouring Venetian State, and this as late as 1705. In those days passion plays existed, and one of these representations was usually given in connection with the celebration of the feast of Corpus Domini. It is recorded that on this occasion the procession of the Host was followed by a so-called "car of Purgatory," in which for the edification of the faithful, twenty living infants were thrown into the flames and burned to death. To any person who knows how deep, and even exaggerated, is the love of Italians for children, and how this passionate affection is too often the ruin of the children themselves, [we see here how very very anxious Mr. Bagot is to tell the exact truth], such a horror as this would appear to be impossible. The fact, however, has been substantiated, and can only be regarded as another proof of how religion degenerated into superstition may be responsible for the most barbarous crimes against humanity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See, e.g., *My Italian Year*, p. 29. "Now I am quite aware that in venturing to say this, I shall be at once accused by my English critics of writing with a preconceived bias against the clergy . . . I frankly admit that in this volume on Italian life I am writing with a purpose, and that this purpose is precisely similar to that which actuated my novels dealing with the same subject—namely to present my readers with as true a picture of that life as my pen and my competency will allow of my doing."

<sup>2</sup> *My Italian Year*, by Richard Bagot. London: Mills and Boon. 1911. Pp. 67, 68.



Taken to task in *The Eye-Witness*<sup>1</sup> and asked for his authority for a statement which, as the reviewer there remarks, "sounds very like 'Maria Monk,'" Mr. Bagot replied in the following terms:

The instance that I described on p. 68 of *My Italian Year* . . . was merely introduced as a comparatively late example of the lengths to which religious superstition is capable of going. The sacrifice of living children on the car of Purgatory which took place in the Venetian State in 1705, is vouched for by a Venetian writer, the Cavaliere Lampertico, who carefully consulted the local records of the period before putting his statement into print. It is also recorded by other writers, including Mr. W. N. Beauclerk, formerly First Secretary of the British Embassy in Rome, in a volume entitled *Rural Italy* which was the outcome of his official researches into statistics of Italian agriculture and the conditions of rural Italian life in and about the year 1888.<sup>2</sup>

It is clear from these pronouncements that Mr. Bagot believed and wished his readers to believe, that as late as 1705, the inhabitants of certain districts of Italy were so sunk in barbarism, that they deliberately committed a number of children to the flames as a human sacrifice, in the course of a religious ceremonial, with the full connivance of the local clergy. Mr. Bagot cites two authorities as if he had inspected both, but inasmuch as he specifies no book of Cavaliere Lampertico, much less gives any exact reference,<sup>3</sup> we cannot be far wrong in assuming that he knows only Mr. Beauclerk's account of the matter. This runs as follows:

In former times in Valstagna and Bassano passion plays were enacted, and as late as 1705, a score of live children were burned in the fires of the horrible "car of purgatory," following the procession of the *Corpus Domini*.<sup>4</sup>

To this statement a footnote is appended.

This appeared to me so extraordinary an assertion, that I was unwilling to let it stand without further authority. I therefore wrote to Cavaliere Lampertico, the original author of the statement,

<sup>1</sup> Nov. 16, 1911, p. 695.

<sup>2</sup> *The Eye-Witness*, Nov. 30, 1911, p. 758.

<sup>3</sup> We make this assertion with the more confidence because in a private letter which we have seen, Mr. Bagot when challenged for an exact reference, does exactly the same thing, viz., he gives the title of Mr. Beauclerk's book, but omits to mention where the statement was originally made by Cavaliere Lampertico.

<sup>4</sup> *Rural Italy*, by W. N. Beauclerk, LL.D., Secretary in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. Chapter xi, p. 208. London. Bentley. 1888.

who has informed me that he quoted the passage from known standard works [not specified], and has no doubt of its accuracy. w. b.

Since we have not before us the passage of Cavaliere Lampertico, nor any exact reference, it was impossible to pursue the matter further in London, as even the British Museum Library possesses but a few of his published works, and is without a copy of the best-known modern historical work on Bassano, viz., that by O. Brentari. It was necessary then to lay under contribution the charity of an Italian friend, and after some unavoidable delay, Father Tacchi Venturi, a well-known expert in such historical investigations, was kind enough to send us the following quotation from the work of Brentari mentioned above. The passage in which that historian describes the incident which has so profoundly horrified Mr. Bagot is as follows :

On the 11th of June, 1705, Corpus Christi day, in the course of the procession, a huge car (*carretone*) belonging to the Confraternity (*Scuola*) of the Holy Ghost and representing the Four Last Things (*i quattro Novissimi*, i.e., Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven<sup>1</sup>), caught fire, and in consequence sixteen children lost their lives. and some others were injured. A ducal edict was issued to forbid the use of such cars (*carretoni*) in future. Upon this terrible accident Antonio Ambrosi composed twenty-eight *Stanze lagrimevoli* and a sonnet, which are still preserved in manuscript in the library of the town. The same event was also the occasion of a satirical distich, which was still heard until quite recently upon the lips of the people and which ran as follows :

O Bassanesi pieni d'ambizion  
Brusa putei e strazza procession.<sup>2</sup>

When we add that Signor Brentari is the author of a number of historical works which are by no means clerical in sympathy, and that he is, among other things, an enthusiastic panegyrist of Garibaldi, the reader will probably be satisfied that the testimony of Bassano's most modern historian is entirely worthy of confidence. Mr. Bagot informs the world in the letter cited above that for years past his favourite study has been the evolution of religions. One cannot help wondering whether this programme also includes—mythology.

H. T.

<sup>1</sup> No mention, notice, of Beauclerk's "horrible 'car of Purgatory.'"

<sup>2</sup> O. Brentari, *Storia di Bassano e suo Territorio*, Bassano, 1884, p. 754.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**The Irish  
Protestant Church.**

IF one wants to know what is the essence of the new religion which attacked and all but conquered the old Catholic Faith in England during the sixteenth century, one may of course study Anglicanism as it exists—the root of the matter, revolt against the See of Peter, is still there—but Anglicanism has long ago lost all semblance of uniformity and can only be studied piecemeal, beginning with the Protestantism of Canon Hensley Henson and Mr. John Kensit, and ending with that of “Father” Frere and Lord Halifax. A much simpler plan would be to cross the channel and contemplate that little body, 13 % of the whole population, with its thirteen Bishops and 1,500 clergymen, which constitutes the Irish Protestant Church. Planted from the first amid a hostile population and meriting that hostility more and more by its insistence on political ascendancy and its loathsome practice of proselytism by bribery, cut off by lack of theological training from the free currents of thought which have proved the solvent of Protestantism elsewhere, even in the land of its origin, the Irish Protestant Church is as “Elizabethan” to-day as it was in the times of Archbishop Ussher. It finds natural affinities in the Presbyterianism of the north, it fraternizes cordially with that negation of all that is Christian, the Belfast Orangeman. We are not surprised that our Anglican friends are distressed at the sight of it: it reminds them of the rock from which they themselves were originally hewn. An outspoken letter in the *Church Times* for January 26th, from “An Irish Graduate,” who yet believes “that the Church of Ireland is the representative of the Catholic Church in Ireland,” called attention to what he deems its manifold defects. Other correspondents in later issues have endorsed his charges and, as is natural, several Irish Protestants have repudiated them, with more warmth than success. One of these latter uses a quaint argument:

The Irish Church [he says], is in full communion with the Church of England. It is therefore a monstrous thing to say “She has robbed her people of the Blessed Sacrament.” *Could the Church of England be in communion with a Church that did it?* (Italics ours)

In his reply, “An Irish Graduate” rubs in the lessons of history with great effect, showing how entirely the Irish Protestant Church looked upon itself as the Church of the

"garrison," and how well it merited that claim.<sup>1</sup> We have seen how instinctively it ranged itself with the State during the *Ne Temere* agitation in Ireland. "We have no King but Cæsar" is still its cry, even though Cæsar has disclaimed any official recognition of it.

**Wanted:**  
**a History of the**  
**Reformation in**  
**Ireland.**

There is no single work, as far as we know, which has for subject the history of the Reformation in Ireland. Catholic scholars have for years been working with great fruit on many separate episodes and periods, but there is still need of a general synthesis which should show the course of the religious changes in the sister isle, pointing out in what important particulars the process and the result differed from those in England, and incidentally disposing of the ridiculous pretensions of the Protestant Episcopalians to be the true children of St. Patrick. The brief sketch of Catholicism in Ireland at the close of the eighteenth century, which is contained in the opening chapter of Mgr. Ward's *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation*, proves how fallacious a process it is to argue from English conditions to Irish, and makes one wish that a volume devoted to exhibiting the contrast throughout the whole period were available. Perhaps from the History-School of the National University will emerge a writer inspired and equipped for this important task.

**The Portuguese**  
**"Bombas."**

Another task awaiting a Catholic historian, which would have the further effect of showing-up the complete subordination in the secular Press of the claims of justice and morality to those of national or Protestant prejudice, is to set forth in detail the comments of English newspapers on the reported misgovernment of various Italian States, prior to the unification of the country, and contrast them with the apathy with which these same papers regard the outrages committed on untried and defenceless prisoners by the despots who misgovern unhappy Portugal. Some few journals, notably the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Chronicle*, have published the details of a provisional report, sent after investigation of only two prisons by a number of British residents in Lisbon, but there is no general outcry in the press and no public man has denounced these horrors. The "Aborigines Protection Committee," like Mrs. Jellaby, are interested in the condition of the indentured labourers at San Thomé, but the

<sup>1</sup> A Bishop of the Irish Church wrote in 1785, when Papists were agitating for a removal of their disabilities, a pamphlet of which he himself says "the business of this little Tract is to prove that the Protestant Church is so essentially incorporated with the State that the subversion of one must necessarily overthrow the other."

abominable iniquities committed on Catholics and Royalists in the capital, leave them cold. Dr. Clifford sits dumb in Westbourne Park, struggling doubtless with his determination to keep politics out of his pulpit. The *Times* correspondent, who spoke some sixteen months ago of "the monasterial intrigues and seclusions" which were practised at the Lisbon Jesuit college, now "understands that the political prisoners are not barbarously or cruelly treated, but most of the prisons are out of date, and their condition is insanitary." But, alas for his consistency! in the same despatch he concedes—"Hence it would be no more than justice, if all prisoners were quickly tried and the innocent set at liberty, instead of being allowed to rot for months in unhealthy prisons." So that according to this unprejudiced observer, there is nothing barbarous or cruel in allowing innocent men (always provided they are Catholics), to rot for months in unhealthy prisons!

As long as the Press remains in the hands of a few wealthy men, who use it primarily to further their political or financial ends, so long will it grievously fail, as in the present instance, to be a fitting guide, or a worthy reflex of the public conscience. It is all the more incumbent on Catholic papers to raise their protest against injustice at home or abroad, and on Catholics to spread that protest as widely as they can.

**Dr. Clifford and  
Education.**

Dr. John Clifford is called by his friends the "veteran reformer," but we are not told what exactly it is that he has reformed. Whatever it be, it is certainly not his own conception of the functions of the State in matters of education which he has repeated in identical terms for the past ten years or more, whenever occasion has offered. The latest occasion was the address made by Cardinal Bourne to a meeting of Catholic teachers in January, wherein his Eminence enunciated the familiar doctrine of the duty of parents to have their children educated in the subject of religion, and their unalienable right to decide conscientiously what that religion shall be. The "veteran reformer" admits the soundness of the doctrine, which is something gained, but denies that the State can be called upon to do the parents' duty. The State, he holds, intervenes only in its own interest, and its interest is confined to making the child a good citizen. That seems sound enough till we reflect that the child cannot really be made a good citizen, even in the State's interest, without definite religious training—a point which Dr. Clifford would doubtless meet with his familiar fallacy about "simple Bible teaching," and we know what *that* means,—and further, that it is not so much culpable neglect on the part of the parent, but rather incapacity, that the State is called on to supply. The

community at large does gratuitously for indigent parents what they would presumably do for themselves if they had the means. The parent who has the means educates his child according to his conscientious belief *i.e.*, pays for teachers to take his own place in performing this task: the parent who has not the means has teachers supplied by the State. In both cases the teachers act *in loco parentis*. Why should the poor man's poverty be penalized by non-recognition of his parental right? Dr. Clifford, befogged by his Socialist ideas, conceives of the State as something apart from the parents, whereas it is merely the aggregate of them. The same duty is incumbent on them, whether taken in a mass, or as individuals. The State exists for the parents, not the parents for the State. As an avowed and convinced Socialist, Dr. Clifford cannot be expected to think so; on the other hand till we all become Socialists he cannot expect us to accept his theories.

**Oberammergau  
and the  
First  
Commandment.**

It would seem to be the fact that those representing the villagers of Oberammergau have recently made a donation of £50 to the building-fund of a Protestant church in process of erection at Munich. The news was announced for the first time by a letter from a Protestant clergyman published in the *Church Times* of December 8, 1911, who saw in it a "recognition of our position," and was loud in praise of "these large-hearted people." It was met by Catholics in England with open incredulity. They could not realize that the Oberammergau villagers could be so uninstructed in their faith as not to know that formal participation in false worship is a grievous violation of the First Commandment. Their natural reluctance to believe the report was voiced by Father Graham of Motherwell, who demanded unequivocal proofs. Unhappily these were duly forthcoming: the Chaplain of the British Legation at Munich put the matter beyond doubt by sending to the *Times* (Feb. 5th), copies of the actual letters announcing and accompanying the donation, both signed by the Burgomaster, Sebastian Bauer (the "Pilate" of the Passion-Play), who is both Head of the Community at Oberammergau and Chairman of the Passion-Play Committee. The Chaplain, in his turn, finds in this subscription a "further proof of the generous and truly Catholic spirit" shown by the villagers; which is not surprising from his point of view. What is astonishing is that the Burgomaster's action (we prefer to think that the villagers had no share in it), has found a defender in the representative in England of the Oberammergau community, who points out in the *Catholic Times* (February 23rd), that the villagers were deeply indebted to kind English and American Protestants, both for their general support and specific bene-

factions, and that therefore, &c. &c. We fear that it is not by washing his hands in this fashion that our modern "Pilate" can rid himself of the sin of betraying Christ. A "truly Catholic" spirit should realize better the uniqueness of the Catholicism that our Lord instituted. It is poor service of Him to lend support, under whatever good pretext, to those who, albeit unconsciously, oppose His work. The English firms who supplied the South African Republics with arms might possibly be called catholic in their sympathies, but they are not generally regarded as patriots.

"The Miracle."

The great spectacle now "running" at Olympia has been both extravagantly praised and vehemently denounced by Catholics, a fact which illustrates once more the famous philosophical adage, that each mind modifies for itself the impressions it receives. But there is another noteworthy point about the commotion aroused, and that is, that the praise has come in many cases from ecclesiastics and the blame almost exclusively from laymen, and furthermore, that the praise has preceded the blame. In other words, the laymen who have condemned "The Miracle" as blasphemous and what not, have also implicitly condemned the clerics who approved of it as reverent in intention and good in general effect. We do not imply, of course, that a priest's judgment is *necessarily* sounder than that of a layman, even in matters as deeply concerned with morality as this is: still, the phenomenon is one which we are more accustomed to witness amongst the sects than in the Church,—and we may leave it at that.

What is perhaps equally strange is the persistence in non-Catholic criticism of the notion that the Catholic Church is in some way officially connected with the production of "The Miracle." The notion was originally started by some ultra-Protestants, and afterwards was given a certain currency by a letter to the manager from Mr. Stead, who asked, "How much, sir, do you receive from the secret service money of the Vatican, or from the coffers of the Jesuits, for this imposing and magnificent propaganda in favour of the Roman Catholic Church?" We are now assured by Mr. Stead himself, that this was written "in a vein of scoffing irony," in order to caricature "the absurdities cherished in some quarters," and that, to his dismay, he found he had "underestimated the density of the brain of the Protestant public." But in spite of this disclaimer the grotesque idea that this very inadequate representation of a superstitious mediæval legend, full as it is of incongruities and incoherencies and notably lacking in grasp of the true Catholic spirit, is intended as a subtle attempt at proselytism still lingers in the non-Catholic mind.



A writer in the *Saturday Review* (February 24th), "has very good authority for saying that 'The Miracle' is to some extent a piece of Roman Catholic propagandism!" It is to be hoped that, if we ever adopt such an odd way of preaching the Faith, we shall produce something which, while retaining all the spectacular beauty of Reinhart's play, will enshrine a less ambiguous moral in a setting which is really Catholic.

**Miracles  
and  
Anglicanism.**

The invitation or selection or appointment—we do not know how these things are managed in the Anglican Church—of the Rev. J. M. Thompson, Dean of Divinity of Magdalen, to give a series of Lenten lectures at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on "Miracles and the Christian Faith" can hardly be regarded as other than a challenge to the Bishop of Winchester, who on the appearance of Mr. Thompson's book on "Miracles in the New Testament," withdrew the author's license for the cure of souls, and to the Bishop of London who publicly condemned the views therein expressed. It is certainly a strange state of things. Here is a man whose license to teach has been publicly and formally cancelled by his lawful superior, allowed to occupy one of the chief Metropolitan pulpits in order to reiterate and emphasize his original offence. Mr. Thompson's attitude is sufficiently notorious: he bows down before an idol which he calls "criticism," but which is, of course, nothing but human reason with all its limitations. The *Times* (February 22nd), reports him as saying:

We were asked to believe that the miracles happened as related, because they were helpful. But if criticism could give good ground for thinking they never happened, the main reason for wishing to keep them was abolished. The critical case against the Virgin Birth was one of the very strongest in the whole controversy. The case of the Resurrection was different. The nature of the risen Christ's appearances had been unmistakably materialized in the course of tradition. But criticism gave us all, and more than all, that we needed for faith in the Resurrection. Indeed, it was an enormous relief to many minds to be allowed to dissociate their faith in Christ from the materialistic ideas with which it had so long been entangled. It would soon be regarded as a truism that the alleged miracles either admitted of natural explanation or did not happen as they were described.

Here we have private judgment—the real Protestantism—in its most undiluted form. The "enormous relief to many minds" of which the lecturer speaks, is simply freedom from the "obedience of faith," from the obligation to believe what is beyond reason on the authority of God. What is left of faith in

Mr. Thompson's system is not easy to see, and what is left of Church authority in Anglicanism when such teachers have the freedom of her pulpits, is equally obscure.

On the occasion of the cancelling of Mr. Thompson's license the Council of the Churchmen's Union passed a resolution of regret at the Bishop of Winchester's action, and added the following words:

Without expressing either agreement or disagreement with the particular opinions of Mr. Thompson, they feel that any attempt to exclude a clergyman from the exercise of the Christian Ministry for having expressed such views in a theological work deals a grievous blow to the cause of theological liberty in the Church of England, and therefore to the best interests of religion in this country.

"Theological liberty," to teach, therefore, what one pleases, must be upheld, but when it comes to practice no Pharisees can be so tenacious of legal exactness as this particular school of Anglicanism. At a Protestant gathering in the Queen's Hall<sup>1</sup> on February 10th, Sir Edward Clarke moved:

That in view of the resolution of the Bishops of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury in favour of the permissive use of the mediæval vestments in the celebration of the Holy Communion in the Church of England, this meeting declares its resolute opposition to any alteration of, or departure from, the law of the Church of England, as declared by the Courts having authority in matters ecclesiastical, and its determination to maintain that which has been the established usage of the Church since the Reformation,

and he supported the motion in a characteristic speech, breathing the profoundest Erastianism. *Nos habemus legem* was the burden of his cry.

Only Parliament could alter the law, and Parliament would never take a single step to undo the glorious Reformation and bring back the symbols and practice of the decaying superstition of Rome. Those who desired such a step would not ask Parliament. It would be like Daniel reminding the lions that it was lunch time. But those who took the other side would shortly endeavour to see what power Parliament had to control these treacherous Bishops (loud cheers) and law-breaking clergy.

After all, it is not surprising that the Archbishop of Canterbury should have confined himself in his recent Charge to an historical survey of other religious bodies.

<sup>1</sup> See Report in *The Times* for February 10th.

## Reviews.

### I.—ESSAYS IN HEORTOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

Monsieur l'Abbé Vacandard is one of those writers who never puts pen to paper without having something to say, something, we mean, which adds to the sum of available knowledge when regard is had to the subject of which he treats and the audience whom he is addressing. There is undoubtedly a prejudice against volumes of reprinted articles, and the prejudice is not in itself unreasonable. But much depends upon the character of the work which is thus rescued from oblivion. In the case of the Abbé Vacandard's papers, we do not hesitate to say that it would have been a serious loss to Catholic scholarship if these *Etudes de Critique et d'Histoire religieuse* had not been rendered accessible to students. Of the three series now published we are inclined to think that the volume actually before us is the most valuable. It at any rate suffers less than its predecessors from the defect of disconnectedness, which renders similar collections unpopular. In the first series, for example, we travel from the Apostles' Creed and the question of Celibacy in the primitive Church to such post-Tridentine history as the massacre of Saint Bartholomew and the process against Galileo. In the second series also, the formal institution of the Church by our Saviour, and the origin of sacramental confession, however excellently treated in themselves, have little to do with the relations of Innocent III. with the Albigenses or the Church's right of coercion. None the less, we are glad to see that the first series of essays is already in its fourth edition, and that the second series has also had to be reprinted. We venture to predict that the present volume will meet with a still more appreciative reception. It may in substance be regarded as an admirably concentrated discussion of the chief features in the fixed, as opposed to the movable, elements of the Church's Calendar. Nominally, there are only four papers, entitled respectively: "The Feasts of Christmas and the Epiphany," "The Origins of Saint Worship," "The Origins of the Feast and Dogma of the Immaculate Conception,"

<sup>1</sup> *Essais de Critique et d'Histoire Religieuse. Troisième Serie. Par l'Abbé E. Vacandard. Paris: Lecoffre. Pp. 378. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1912.*

and "The Question of Jewish Ritual Murder." The second of these essays, however, is really very comprehensive, and it constitutes an effective and sufficient answer to the notorious book of M. "Saintyves," *Les Saints successeurs des dieux*. In this particular paper the reader will find a critical, but at the same time, thoroughly Catholic treatment of the difficult question of the mediæval veneration of saints, the cult of relics, and in particular of the infiltrations of pagan observances into Catholic practice. The whole forms an admirable pendant to the work of the Bollandist Father, H. Delehaye, translated into English in the Westminster Library by Mrs. Crawford, under the title, *Legends of the Saints*. As for the other papers it may be said that if the introduction of the feasts of Christmas and Epiphany throws an interesting light upon the heortology of the patristic period, the Immaculate Conception occupies an equally prominent place in the practice and theology of the Church as she reaches the age of the schoolmen. Even the essay on "Ritual Murder," the charge of making cakes with the blood of murdered Christian children, so recklessly imputed to the Jews in the middle ages, has also a bearing on the Christian Calendar; for little St. Hugh of Lincoln, St. William of Norwich, St. Simeon of Trent, and others, had formerly at least their local cult, while the last-named is still commemorated in the Roman Martyrology, as revised by Baronius. Let us note that among the pleas which have been put forward in favour of the entire innocence of the Jews of the charge so persistently repeated, M. Vacandard might have mentioned an article which appeared in the columns of THE MONTH in 1898.

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## 2.—THE MUSTARD TREE.<sup>1</sup>

Furnished with a Preface by Mgr. R. H. Benson, and with an Epilogue by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Father Vassall-Phillips' essay in apologetics has such sponsors as would well befit a production of the highest intellectual lineage, and, we may emphatically state, it is in every sense worthy of them. The book will take its place at once in the front rank of our apologetic literature, as presenting the evidences for Christianity in a fresh and persuasive fashion well-calculated to arrest the attention and compel the consideration of the

<sup>1</sup> *An Argument on Behalf of the Divinity of Christ.* By O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. London: Washbourne. Pp. xxxii, 530. Price, 5s. 1912.

modern non-Catholic mind, distrustful as it is of *à priori* argument and impatient of historical research. The plan of the treatise is summarily this—Father Phillips takes the great objective fact of the Catholic Church as it exists to-day, which as a living active organization is as perceptible to all men as the noon-day sun, and by showing that it conforms in essential features to the institution sketched for us by our Lord in the Gospels, possessing characteristics and exercising functions which were not to come into prominence till long after His death, argues that the Mind which conceived that Ideal and the Power which, in spite of all obstacles, secured its fulfilment, cannot but have been divine. The Mustard Seed was planted ere Christ left the earth, but only the eye of prophecy could have discerned the "great Tree." Thus, indeed, the Church executes the *rôle* which her Founder designed for her: she is Christ's work: by this fruit we may know Him: "the works that I do they give testimony of Me"; her marvellous Unity is expressly secured "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." This is true of the Church as a whole, the oldest organization on earth, which has emerged triumphantly from the cruellest persecutions of the world, which has survived more wonderfully still the mistakes, the sins, and the corruption of her own human constituents, which continues to grow and yet remain unchanged amid the ever-varying conditions in which she finds herself, which is ever the light of the world and the salt of the earth. And it is true, as well, of the chief features of the Church as foreshadowed in the New Testament. The continuance and consolidation of the power of the Pope is a fact so contrary to human analogies, that only God could have brought it about. It is notorious that the smallest and newest and straitest human sect will begin to show signs of schism a few years after its foundation, and there seems nothing capable of stopping the process. Yet the Papacy has persisted as the centre of the Church's unity for nigh two thousand years, in spite of heresy and revolt and the active hostility of the secular State. Christ foresaw and foretold this fact; therefore the Papacy witnesses to His Divinity. Other prophets have foretold the future, but only Christ has claimed power to control the future in furtherance of His plans. Similarly, the means of grace established in the Church, which are based on the sheer exercise of faith, often in face of the reluctance of nature, testify to the Divine power of Him who instituted

them—the practice of confession, for instance, but most of all the belief in the Real Presence, a mystery which so humbles human pride and so outstrips human charity. Once more, the cultus of our Lady, so deep and widespread, so constant and fervent in its manifestations, so far surpassing all other honour paid to creatures, yet so carefully distinguished from the worship paid to God—this again is a testimony of the Divinity of her Son. Denial of the Incarnation of God, this central dogma of Christianity, throws a cloud over the spiritual history of Christendom, and renders insoluble a host of problems connected therewith.

If Father Phillips' argument, thus inadequately sketched, is followed up as elaborated in his scholarly pages, where due account is taken of objections drawn from Scripture and history, it would seem that no candid mind could well refuse to admit his conclusion. Yet, as Mr. Belloc points out in his Epilogue, the mental disturbance caused by the intrusion into consciousness of the Great Fact of the Catholic Church can be stilled in two ways, either by adjusting the rest of the mental furniture so as to accord with the Fact, or by once more allowing the Fact to be obscured by the mists of prejudice and misrepresentation. The City remains set upon the Hill, but cannot be seen by those who have turned their backs to it, or by those who keep their gaze fixed upon the lower levels. There are none so blind as those who won't see. It is the merit of books like the present that they make the intellectual claims of faith so strong that the will alone need be looked to: it is also alas! their sad effect to turn mere ignorance and indifference into formal rejection. We congratulate the author on a notable achievement.

A word of praise is due as well to the publishers, who have added to the readableness of the volume by clearness and variety of type, neat marginal summaries, and other useful typographical devices.

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### 3.—THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA<sup>1</sup>

The expectation that the whole fifteen volumes of this great work will be in the hands of subscribers by the end of the current year is apparently well-grounded, for the twelfth volume here under review belongs to 1911, and the rate of three volumes a year has been uniformly maintained. The

<sup>1</sup> Vol. XII. Philip II.—Revalidation. London: Caxton Publishing Co. Pp. xv, 800. Price, 27s. 6d. 1911.

general value of the work has long ago been recognized, and the care exercised by the editorial staff in selecting subjects for treatment and revising them, so far from growing slack, has improved with the progress of the enterprise. Regard for consistency, doubtless, has retained some features with which the undertaking began, the inclusion, for instance, of more or less geographical and statistical articles, which have little or no connection with Catholicity, and which in any case can be found more appropriately treated in secular Encyclopædias. And the dilatoriness of contributors, whether excusable or not, is doubtless responsible for unexpected alphabetical arrangements, which, after all, in view of the Index to come, are of quite minor importance. The wide field covered by the Encyclopædia is well illustrated in the present volume. Amongst biographies of special interest we have *St. Philip Neri*, *Alexander Pope*, *Cardinal Pole*, *Raphaël*, and the long line of Popes *Pius* down to our present Holy Father, of whom, as well as of *Pius VII.* and *Pius IX.*, there are excellent full-page portraits. The most important Scripture article is that on the *Psalms* (19 coll.), by Father Walter Drum, of Woodstock. In Theology proper we find *Predestination*, wherein the gradual development of the *post prævisa merita* doctrine is skilfully traced by Dr. Joseph Pohle, of Breslau, who rightly rejects the various alternative theories, all to some extent repellant to the moral sense, to which different views of the Divine fore-knowledge logically lead; *Priesthood* (23 coll.), by the same author, treating not only of the historical aspect of the subject as seen in Paganism, the Jewish Religion and Christianity, but also of the social effects of its institution in Christendom; *Probabilism*, by Professor J. M. Harty, of Maynooth, a very able exposition and historical survey of the subject, wherein the varying views of St. Alphonsus are clearly brought out; *Purgatory* (11 coll.), by Professor Hanna, of New York; *Redemption* (8 coll.), by Father Sollier, C.M.; *Religion* (20 coll.), by Professor C. F. Aitken, of Washington;<sup>1</sup> *Resurrection*, by Father Maas, S.J., of Woodstock; and the *Pope* (28 coll.), a discussion of the character and prerogatives of the Papacy, by Father Joyce, S.J., of St. Beuno's. Amongst Catholic practices, Father Vermeersh, S.J., of Louvain, treats of the essence and canonical aspects of *Religious Life* (26 coll.); Father Bede Jar-

<sup>1</sup> Considering the immense and growing importance of the study of Comparative Religion, it is to be hoped that the Editors will provide elsewhere something to supplement the meagre paragraph accorded to it here.



rett, O.P., of London, writes a long historical account of *Pilgrimages* (29 coll.), abundantly illustrated; there are articles on *Poverty* and *Prayer*, and Father Thurston, S.J., discusses with great discrimination the doctrine and history of *Relics*. Under philosophical subjects we may group the article on *Philosophy* itself (30 coll.), by Professor M. de Wulf, of Louvain, *Pragmatism*, by Professor Turner, of Washington, *Plato*, *Rationalism*, and others of less importance. Social Science is here represented by articles on *Political Economy* (5 coll.), rather a summary treatment of a vast subject, *Care of the Poor*, *Population*, *Prisons*, *Property* [in general], by Father Cathrein, S.J., and *Ecclesiastical Property*, by Father Thurston, S.J. Science proper includes *Physics* (42 coll.), by Professor Duhem, of Bordeaux, a long and lucid historical sketch of the progress of scientific discovery, regarding which, however, we can only ask—What is it doing in this galley? The longest individual article in this volume is that devoted to *The Order of Preachers* (47 coll.), whose history, spirit and achievements in the world of thought and of fact are admirably set forth by Father Mandonnet, O.P., Rector of the University of Fribourg. The *Redemptorists*, the *Premonstratensians*, and a host of less-known Congregations receive adequate treatment. Amongst heresies we have the general article, *Protestantism*, and a special account of *Presbyterianism*. Church History is treated incidentally in many articles such as *Piedmont*, *Pombal*, *Port Royal*,<sup>1</sup> *Prussia* (26 coll.), *Portugal*, *Quebec*, *Poland* (40 coll.), and *Paraguay* (Reductions of), the two last-mentioned being well-illustrated and equipped with maps, and more directly in *Photius*, *Reformation*, and *Renaissance*. We may note in regard to the account of the Reformation, which has been entrusted to a foreign scholar of eminence, Mgr. J. B. Kirsch, of Fribourg, not a word is said about its introduction into Ireland, the degree of its qualified success there or the causes of its general failure. Nor, we may add, is the omission adequately supplied under the heading "Ireland" itself.

This enumeration will give some idea of the contents of Vol. XII. Clearly it puts within reach of the general public authentic information on matters of the highest moment. Even if "Catholic" history is, as some Catholics strangely

<sup>1</sup> In this we miss that whole-hearted condemnation of Jansenism which the character of that pestilent heresy demands—"Unfortunately" (*italics ours*), says the author, . . . "five propositions extracted from the 'Augustinus' . . . were condemned."

hold, necessarily "biased," the Catholic point of view is of importance to anyone desirous of approximating to the truth, whilst for Catholics, who know that their belief gives them incomparable intellectual advantages, the opportunities here afforded of increasing their stores of knowledge are beyond price.

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#### 4.—A STORY OF UPPINGHAM.<sup>1</sup>

Most people have heard about Thring of Uppingham, the great headmaster who took charge of a little local educational foundation in Rutlandshire, and by sheer force of his personality, raised it, spiritually and materially, to be one of the Public Schools of England, increasing its scholars from twenty-five to four hundred, and replacing the one inadequate class-room by a splendidly-equipped range of school-buildings and boarding-houses. The fame, indeed, of Edward Thring is in all educational treatises, but, hitherto, as far as we know, it has not been enshrined in a school-story. Mr. Hornung's new book, *Fathers of Men*, will do more, perhaps, to make the "Maker of Uppingham" live again in men's thoughts than any formal biography, for, although "Mr. Thrale" does not enter very largely into the story, still the atmosphere of the whole book, the spirit that quickens and the forces that mould its youthful characters are those that Thring created at Uppingham, and, it may be hoped, bequeathed as a perpetual legacy to the school he made.

That boys will like this story it is almost superfluous to state. The literary skill and inventiveness which have managed to throw a glamour of sympathy round that predatory scoundrel "Raffles" have not deserted Mr. Hornung here, where his purpose is high and serious. The book, indeed, is constructed and written with extraordinary care, and apart from the interest of its plot, it is an admirable model of vivid and picturesque English. Then the author has known and studied his boy, and has caught with precision the outlook of the growing, yet undeveloped, brain. Although the chief character is an uncommon one, he is sketched with convincing consistency, and the rest of the school-boy types, a large and amusing variety, are equally true to life.

<sup>1</sup> *Fathers of Men*. By E. W. Hornung. London: Smith, Elder and Co. Pp. vi, 371. Price, 6s. 1912.

We see the children, as suggested in the title, begetting the future men. The main interest of the story centres in the development of Jan Rutter, a coachman's son, brought up in the stables, but sent to school by his mother's relatives (she had been a lady) after his father's death. How, shaped by the blows of circumstance, the friendship and hostility of companions, the kindly wisdom of his house-master, the brutality of his tutor, above all, by "Mr. Thrale's" word in season, and the whole tone of the establishment dominated by his spirit, Jan developed from a sullen and awkward lad into a boy of ability and resource, Captain of the Eleven and master of himself, is told in many exciting pages. Though the hero was not without brains, it was his prowess in athletics that brought him self-confidence and the respect of others: he was a runner and a wonderful left-hand bowler. Games are therefore prominent in the book, especially cricket, which is described with the sympathy and skill of an expert, and there are many well-finished sketches of players which one suspects to be portraits. The seamy side of public school life,—the bullying, the slacking, the evil language,—is but lightly touched on. Uppingham under Thring, for that matter, may well have been exceptionally free from abuses, for it was a fixed policy of his not to let class, house, or the school itself grow so large that each boy could not have personal attention and become known individually to the Head himself. But there is no lack of interesting episodes, humorous or exciting, which make the story flow pleasantly, and serve at the same time to forward its main purpose.

It is well-known that Thring, a deeply spiritual man, did not rest after he got to Uppingham, until he had erected a magnificent school-chapel, which he meant to be the centre and inspiration of the school-life. Mr. Hornung's story gives pleasing testimony to the success of this project: the chapel and what it stands for are among the chief of the moulding influences in the book, although there is little of that open recognition of and frank intercourse with the Unseen that characterize our Catholic schools. An admirable book for the school-library and, indeed, for every other.

## Short Notices.

LOVERS of the "lion-Latin" of the Vulgate will rejoice in the small critical edition of that famous version—**Nouum Testamentum Latine Secundum Editionem Sancti Hieronymi** (Clarendon Press : 2s. net ; India paper, 3s. net), issued by the Oxford University Press under the editorship of Professor H. J. White of London. The text to the end of Romans is that of the larger Oxford edition, on which the Bishop of Salisbury and Professor White have been at work for so many years ; to the establishment of the remaining portion the same exhaustive collation of codices has not contributed, but the Editor does not think that the final result of the labours of his episcopal colleague and himself will differ very much from that set forth here. Both to the scholar and the ordinary reader, this little book (it numbers over 600 pages and is less than an inch thick !) will bring unalloyed delight ; to the former because it presents in small compass the fruit of extensive and accurate labours, to the latter because it is so clearly printed and furnishes a text unmarred by a single reference note or verse-division, and paragraphed according to the sense.

A notable tribute to the enduring influence of the great Benedictine appears in **Dom Gueranger et Madame Durand** (Oudin : 1.50 fr.), a memoir founded on a collection of spiritual letters covering the period from 1852 to 1867, edited by Dom Guepin, Abbot of Silos. They present a very pleasing picture of Dom Gueranger in the rôle of spiritual director, but their interest is not confined to that, for they contain many allusions to the great events in which the Abbot was frequently engaged. Particularly interesting is his account of his visit to England in 1860, and his impressions of the ascetical works of Father Faber, for which writings he had an intense admiration.

What Father Roothaan did for the elucidation of the Exercises of St. Ignatius by translating into Latin the Spanish original and publishing it alongside the Latin "Vulgate," has now been extended by the translation into French—**Les Exercices Spirituels de Saint Ignace de Loyola** (Lethielleux, 2.50 fr.)—of the same autograph by Père Paul Debuchy. In this way many of the *nuances*, hitherto lost in the classical Latin version, have been brought out, to the great advantage of the sense.

M. l'Abbé J. Fontaine is indefatigable in combating those tendencies of modern thought and practice which are conveniently styled "Modernism," and which he traces far beyond the religious and philosophical sphere into the regions of political speculation and actual social experiment. His latest book, **Le Modernisme Sociale** (Lethielleux : 6.50 fr.), is a continuation of his previous one, *Le Modernisme Sociologique*, and concerns the application of the principles discussed in this latter. The author has been naturally alarmed by the social developments which brought about the condemnation of *Le Sillon*, especially by what seemed to him the abandonment of the Catholic doctrine regarding the nature and source of civil authority. Accordingly he has been at great pains to set forth the sense in which the equality of men is to be taken, *sc.*, that within the limits of the same nature, origin, and destiny there are endless variations of endowments and circumstances which indicate that God intends no actual equality between men. This is so obvious that we wonder whether the Abbé's Catholic opponents really mean to deny it or ignore it in their theories. From this universal

inequality the author proceeds to argue against Rousseau's conception of the State, and he has no difficulty in showing up the false assumptions on which this theory is based. His aim is to warn Catholic thinkers and social reformers against the subtle influence of Rousseau-ism, which is fully accepted, at least theoretically, by the governing power of France and elsewhere, and despite a certain want of sympathy with democracy in general, his clear enunciation of Catholic principles of reform, whether political or social, is very opportune.

We have received three volumes (vols. 2, 3, and 5), which complete the third edition of Father Christian Pesch's well-known theological treatise, **Praelectiones Dogmaticae** (Herder : 7.00, 6.25, and 6.25 fr. respectively). Distinguished by their clearness of treatment and their careful regard for the historical aspect of dogma, the nine volumes of the work have long been favourites with theological students, whether used as manuals or as books of reference, and it goes without saying that their value increases with each succeeding edition.

A posthumous work of Mother Francis Raphael consisting of sundry plays written for convent girls has lately been published under the title of **Sacred Dramas** (Sands : 2s. 6d. net.) They are three in number, dealing with St. Catharine of Alexandria, St. Dorothea, and the Nativity. Written in blank verse with occasional lyrics for singing, they should continue the work of edification they have already accomplished, for without being in any way lofty poetry, they are both scholarly and devotional.

What exceptional literary and critical powers were lost in the early death of Lionel Johnson is well exhibited in the volume of essays called **Post Liminium** (Elkin Mathews : 6s. net.), which have been collected from various periodicals and edited by Thomas Whitemore. They deal with a great variety of subjects and with a great variety of treatment : some, finished and elaborate studies like the "Notes on Walter Pater," or the long essay on "Poetry and Patriotism in Ireland" ; others, book-reviews or literary appreciations from various papers. But all show a mind stored with wide knowledge of literature, which generally knows also how to use its lore aright and does not burden its pages with allusions too recondite or too plentiful quotations. We are told that three times as much collected material remains unpublished : we trust that the welcome this volume receives will justify the publication of at least another.

Mr. Francis A. Ryan has made certain selections from the *Reflections Chrétienues* of Father Nepveu, S.J., and arranged them to form **Meditations for Every Day in the Month** (Benziger : 3s. net.). They are, needless to say, well calculated to help those given to mental prayer. The editor states that they follow the "Sulpician method" somewhat modified, but, if so, they are hardly distinguishable from those cast in the "Ignatian" mould with which he contrasts them. It seems useless to point out to American publishers that their prices seem to us in this country quite excessive.

One does not look to the official "eulogies" pronounced on the occasion of new admissions to the French Academy for sober and searching literary criticisms : the speakers are in duty bound to make the best of their subject. It is claimed, however, for M. le Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé that his *Eloges Académiques*, a collection of which are published with the title **Sous les Lauriers** (Bloud : 3.50 fr.), combine generous appreciation with complete liberty of judgment. They certainly make interesting reading, and the occasion of their utterance gives the fullest scope for that courtly eloquence which comes so naturally from the lips of French orators.

We cannot easily gather from **Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel**. (Constable: 5s. net) what particular brand of belief would best suit the preacher, Francis Greenwood Peabody, a Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard. He never speaks of Christ as very God, although he mentions Him often: on the other hand, there is little to find fault with in his ethics, based as they generally are upon the express teaching of our Lord. He preaches a non-sacrificial, non-sacramental religion, it is true, and has little clear notion of the true nature and grounds of faith, but his principles and ideals are high, and the presentment of them forcible and apt. The Catholic would miss in these cultured discourses the intimate knowledge of spiritual dangers and all that hinders or helps the growth of the soul: his intellect might be gratified but his will would hardly be stirred by the preacher's ingenious use of things old and new to point his meaning; still, they cannot fail to be of benefit to the reader whether he has readier access to the full truth or not.

Notwithstanding his transference to the Deanery of Wells last year, Dean J. Armitage Robinson continues his labour of love in investigating the past history of his former charge at Westminster. His latest work, **The Abbot's House at Westminster** (Cambridge University Press: 5s. net), brings together much interesting material concerning the structure and uses of the monastery buildings alongside the Abbey. A detailed plan, for the absolute truth of which the Dean does not vouch, gives a sufficient idea of the dates and extent of the abbatial buildings. The bulk of the volume is occupied with "illustrative documents," the most interesting of which are the "Dissolution Inventories," now printed in full for the first time, and giving the fate of the Church plate and everything else, whether given to the Dean or reserved for that royal robber "the Kyngis Maiestie."

M. Charles Lescœur in his **Les Coffres forts et le Fisc** (Bloud: 3.50 fr.) is fain to question the right of the Treasury to know the contents of private safes, whether kept at home or deposited in the strong-room of a bank. There is no income-tax in France, and the idea that the citizen should be taxed in proportion to his means is an unfamiliar one across the Channel. If, as is threatened, direct taxation is established among the French, we may be sure that their logical sense will not be satisfied with a voluntary declaration of income dictated by a more or less sensitive conscience, but will proceed to measures such as M. Lescœur deprecates and of which he is at pains to show the futility. He testifies that under these menaces capital is fleeing the country: we are told that it is also leaving England, and no doubt it is leaving other countries also—where is it going to?

The Blessed Jean Eudes was raised up by Providence to be a *Pastor* *pastorum*, an instrument in the Divine hands to arouse the French clergy in the middle of the seventeenth century to a lofty ideal of their vocation. Père Boulay, a member of the Congregation he founded, has had the happy idea of collecting in one handy volume—**Prêtre et Pasteur ou Grands et Obligations du Prêtre** (Lethielleux: 3.50 fr.)—the cream of his instructions and exhortations scattered through many volumes. It forms a book full of devotion, containing both precept and practice, and taking account of all the qualities desirable in the sacerdotal character both in its public and private aspects.

Miss Christina Reid has constructed an excellent story, well-written, delicately humorous, with good characterization and a very satisfactory ending, and called it **The Wargrave Trust** (Benziger: 4s.), and it is more

than a mere story, for it conveys by many a deft suggestion several salutary lessons in the matter of conduct and belief.

The volume in the series of *Cambridge Country Geographies* devoted to **East London** (University Press: 1s. 6d.) is full of interest to those who dwell in the Metropolis, the chief fascination being the contrast between old times and the present. Only by studying the history of its growth can London be properly appreciated, and nowhere can that history be more easily studied than in this well-illustrated and carefully-arranged little volume.

That devout client of Mary, Blessed Grignon de Montfort, was noted during his life-time for his zeal for the Rosary. Now, two hundred years or so after his death, a posthumous work of his on the same holy theme—**Le Secret Admirable du Très Saint Rosaire** (Oudin: 1.50 fr.)—has been discovered and edited. It is a work of piety rather than of criticism, and the practice which it advocates with fervent eloquence has become much more deeply rooted in the habits of the faithful since his day, but it may still be read with much edification if read in the spirit in which it was written.

The growing interest within the Church and outside in the study and practice of Mysticism will be fostered by the republication in two large volumes of **Mystica Theologia Divi Thomae** (Marietti: 12.00 fr.) which first saw the light in 1662 from the pen of Thomas a Vallgornera, O.P. The present third edition has been brought out by Father J. J. Berthier, O.P., from a careful collation of the two previous ones. Most of the errors, and there are many, in this subject are due to the ignorance or neglect by students of Mysticism of the traditional theology of the Church. Hence the value of a work compiled from the writings and illustrated by the ideas of one who was not only experimentally versed in the mystic states, but was, and is, the theologian *par excellence* of the Church. The author treats the subject in true scholastic fashion in a series of *quaestiones* and *articuli* which make for greater clearness, and the editor, by means of a very full alphabetical index, renders each detail easily accessible.

Even without a knowledge of Spanish, one may derive much instruction from Dr. Fontseré's elementary text-book—**Elementos de Ciencias Físicas y Naturales** (Gili: 3 ptas.)—so frequent and graphic are its illustrations. But the text and arrangement are equally good, and the whole book should be useful in giving a class a first and appetizing introduction to the fascinations of nature-study.

Few of the classical commentators on St. Paul's Epistles have a greater vogue than Cornelius à Lapide. Consequently the new edition which Canon Antonius Padovani—**Commentaria in omnes S. Pauli Epistolas** (Marietti: 2 vols., 12 l.)—has completed after some three years' labour will be welcomed by many students. The Editor, who is favourably known for his edition of à Lapide's Gospel Commentaries, has pursued the same plan in regard to this work, correcting and amplifying in notes of his own whatever in the author does not agree with assured modern scientific and biblical knowledge.

If there are any English-speaking members of the Greek Orthodox Church they will be pleased with **The Little Orthodox Manual** (Bennett: 2s. 6d net), which has been translated from the Greek Liturgy by F. W. Groves Campbell, LL.D. In addition to the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, familiar to us in the version made by Dr. Adrian Fortescue at the time of the Eucharistic Congress, it contains various prayers and devotions taken from different service books and the Greek Fathers.

Padre Guglielmo Buette has published two volumes of Sunday sermons



or homilies—*Spiegazioni Evangeliche Domenicali* (Marietti : 7.00 l.)—which well merit the epithets assigned to them—*brevi e popolari*. They deal mainly with the common difficulties brought against the Church such as the faithful constantly meet in their modern non-Catholic environment, cleverly connected with the Gospel of the day.

Appropriate Lenten reading, combining instruction with edification, will be found in last year's (the ninth) Notre-Dame course of the well-known Dominican preacher, Père Janvier, the subject of which is *La Foi, son objet et ses actes* (Lethielleux : 4.00 fr.). As usual the course was followed by a retreat, devoted to the same topic. The manner of dealing with this keeps steadily to the substance and method of St. Thomas, but the style has all the charm of oratory, and many persons will wonder at the power which can make a theme, sometimes so deep, at all times lucid and persuasive.

An enterprising French journalist, M. Lewis Gaffié, correspondent of a Paris paper during the stirring political events of the last two years, has collected his articles and published them with the title, *La Crise Constitutionnelle Anglaise* (Falque : 2.50 fr.). Much of it is mere journalese, devoted to the superficial aspect of the passing hour, but there are plenty of shrewd observations interesting as an outside view, though sharing all the limitations of that position. The narrative stops short with the introduction of the Vote Bill.

Considerable poetic promise is contained in a dainty paper-bound booklet of verses called *The Circle and the Sword* (Maunsell and Co: Dublin), by Joseph Mary Plunkett. Besides the sonnet, the poet attempts a great variety of less common metres, and his work is invariably well-finished, but the thought is often so ornate, so heavily draped in fine imagery, that it lacks precision.

Miss Olivia Ramsey's latest novel, *Two Men and a Governess* (Longmans : 6s.), is an exciting tale, somewhat of the *Prisoner of Zenda* type, concerning an exiled Prince and his fortunes. The Prince is portrayed as a hero, but his conduct in winning the affections of the governess whom he knew he could never marry, rather shows that his sense of honour needed cultivation. The other characters in the book are well drawn, and the author has a real gift for describing scenery.

In the *Peace Year-Book for 1912* (National Peace Council : 1s. net) has been brought together a vast amount of information on the vital questions of Peace and War, detailing what is being done in the world at large to provide for both the one and the other. The problem of peace is intimately connected with justice, for, if there were no wrong-doing, war would not be needed to right wrong done. So no practical Christian can be indifferent to the efforts made to remove the causes of war, and to the preparations intended to make war effective, of which this volume presents so full a record. One gathers from its perusal how much even of material prosperity the world loses because in their mutual dealings the nations will not consent to be governed by the moral law. Not so valuable as the statistical information is the section concerned with discussing certain Problems of Peace and War, for in not a few of the essays collected there may be found statements of doctrine inconsistent with the teachings of Christianity.

So much of different import has occurred to obscure the memory of the Coronation Festivities of last June, that *The King's Day with the Children* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. : 1s. net), by Ernest J. Husey, comes as a pleasant reminder of one of the most charming events of that exciting time, viz., the entertainment by the King at the Crystal Palace of 100,000 children

from London Elementary Schools. The little book is embellished by excellent photographs of the chief episodes of the day, and merits attention besides as a record of a vast, carefully-planned, and very successful piece of organization.

**The Plucking of the Lily** (Washbourne : 2s. 6d.), by Jessie A. Gaughan, is an historical novel of Elizabeth's time, the scene of which is laid partly at Court and partly in the south of Ireland, and the interest of which is well sustained by a series of exciting adventures. Greatly daring, the authoress has introduced not only the stock historical characters, but also William Shakespeare, into her story.

It is not too late to recommend for Lenten reading **The Gospels for Lent and the Passion of Christ** (Herder : 3s. 6d. net), by the Rev. C. J. Eisenring. The plan of the book is to give the Gospels for the Sundays and ferias during Lent, and then apply them by way of meditation to some characteristic episode of our Lord's Passion. The author can speak with experience of the good effected amongst the faithful of this constant recalling of the work of our redemption.

To create a variety of effects with the same few simple materials is the mark of a true artist, and this mark is deeply imprinted on the latest story of Father Bearne's, **Do-Re-Mi-Fa** (Washbourne : 3s. 6d.). Here we have all the ingredients of the "Ridingdale" tales—well-born poverty, clean-living, merry-hearted boyhood, musical genius, generous patronage, contempt for the mere conventions of artificial society, and so forth—but the combination is as fresh as ever, and the busy yet conscientious reviewer is glad that most of his subjects are more easily laid aside than this.

The C.T.S. has been exceptionally active of late. In addition to the two Manuals for social workers reviewed in our last issue, and a second collected shilling volume of C.S.G. pamphlets (nos. 8—15), there is a large number of penny pamphlets recently come to hand. A new Series, called "Catholic Men of Science Series," under the general editorship of Professor Sir Bertram Windle, of Cork, makes an auspicious beginning by the appearance of **Nicolaus Stensen**, by the Editor, and **Johannes Müller**, by Professor G. A. Boulenger. Further notice must be reserved till our next issue.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice)

- ARNOLD, London.  
*Catholicism and the Modern Mind.* By Malcolm Quin. Pp. xxiii, 294. Price, 7s. 6d. 1912.
- ALLENSON, London.  
*The Golden Alphabet of S. Bonaventura.* Translated from the German by Mrs. Edward Wayne. Pp. 80. Price, 6d. net. 1912.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.  
*La Théologie de S. Paul.* By F. Prat S.J. Deuxième Partie. Pp. viii, 579. Price, 7. 50 fr. net. 1912.
- BENZIGER, New York.  
*Poverina.* By Evelyn Mary Buckenham. Pp. 228. Price, 2s. 9d. 1912. *The Little Apostle on Crutches.* By Henriette E. Delamare. Pp. 165. Price, 1s. 6d. 1912. *With Christ, my Friend.* By Rev. P. J. Sloan. Pp. 190. Price, 3s. net.
- BLOU ET CIE., Paris.  
*L'Objet intégral de l'Apologétique.* By A. de Poulpique O.P. 3e édit. Pp. viii, 565. Price, 4. 00 fr. 1912. *Du Lutheranisme au Protestantisme.* By Dr. Léon Christiani. Pp. xxi, 403. Price, 7. 50 fr. 1912. *La Loi et la Foi.* By A. de Boysson. Pp. viii, 339. Price, 3. 50 fr. 1912. *Histoire de l'Eglise du XIe au XVIe siècle.* By Prof. Albert Dufourcq. Vol. vi, 3e édit. Pp. 458. Price, 3. 50 fr. 1911.

- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.  
*Twelve Cambridge Sermons.* By John E. B. Mayor. Edited in a Memoir by H. F. Stewart B.D. Pp. xviii, 254. Price, 5s. net. 1911. *Lessing's Nathan der Weise.* Edited by J. G. Robertson. Pp. vii, 278. Price, 3s. 6d. 1912. *Nineteenth Century Essays.* Edited by George Sampson. Pp. xi, 227. Price, 2s. 1912.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.  
*The Catholic Social Year Book for 1912.* Edited by the Catholic Social Guild. Pp. 160. Price, 1s. net. *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works.* Third edit, thoroughly revised. Pp. viii, 112. Price, 1s. net. *Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets.* Second Series, 1s. *Various Penny Pamphlets.*
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.  
*The Catholic Truth Annual for 1911.* Illustrated. Pp. 62. Price, 6d. 1912. *Several Penny Pamphlets.*
- CANTON PUBLISHING Co., London.  
*The Catholic Encyclopedia.* Vol. XII. Pp. xv, 800. Price, 27s. 6d. 1911.
- DUCKWORTH AND Co., London.  
*Saint Patrick.* By the Abbé Riguët. Translated by C. W. W. Pp. ix, 163. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1912.
- GABALDA ET CIE., Paris.  
*Études de Critique et d'Histoire religieuse.* 3e série. By M. l'Abbé E. Vacandard. Pp. ix, 378. Price, 3. 50 fr. 1912.
- HERDER, London.  
*Tabule Fontium Traditionis Christiane.* By J. Creusen S.J. Pp. 8 with 8 tables. Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *Theologia Naturalis.* By Bernard Boedder S.J. Edit. 3a. Pp. xiv, 415. Price, 4s. 3d. 1911. *Lehrbuch der Dogmatik.* By Dr. Bernhard Bartmann, 2nd edit. Pp. xx 862. Price, 14s. 1911. *The Gospels for Lent and the Passion of Christ.* From the German of Rev. C. J. Eisenring, by Charles Cannon O.S.B. Pp. xi, 178. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.  
*En Lui.* By Père Félix Anizan. Pp. 522. Price, 3. 50 fr. 1912. *Ferdinand Philippe d'Orléans.* By Y. D'Isné. 2e édit. Pp. xvi, 270. Price, 3. 50 fr. 1912.
- LETOUZEY ET AË, Paris.  
*On en est l'Histoire des Religions?* By J. Bricout and others. Vol. II. *Judaïsme et Christianisme.* Pp. 590. Price, (with Vol. I.) 15 fr. 1911.
- LONG, London.  
*Two Men and a Governess.* By Olivia Ramsey. Pp. 320. Price, 6s. 1912.
- LONGMANS AND Co., London.  
*Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister forbidden by the laws of God and of the Church.* By F. W. Fuller. Pp. vii, 194. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912. *Letters and Recollection of Mazzini.* By Mrs. Hamilton King. Pp. xi, 140. Price, 5s. net. 1912. *The Fugitives.* By Margaret Fletcher. Pp. 312. Price, 6s. 1912.
- MAUNSEL AND Co., Dublin.  
*The Circle and the Sword.* By Joseph M. Plunkett. Pp. x, 36. 1911.
- MOWBRAY AND Co., London.  
*The Clouds of Life.* By Flora Lucy Freeman. Pp. vii, 230. 1911.
- PICARD ET FILS, Paris.  
*La Curie et les Bénéficiaires Consistoriaux.* By Dr. Clergeac. Pp. x, 316. Price, 7. 50 fr. 1911.
- QUELLE AND MEYER, Leipzig.  
*Aristoteles und seine Weltanschauung.* By Franz Brentano. Pp. viii, 153. Price, 3 m. 1911.
- SANDS AND Co., London.  
*The Humanity of Jesus.* By Fr. Moritz Meschler S.J. Pp. 133. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1912.
- SMITH, ELDER AND Co., London.  
*Fathers of Men.* By E. W. Hornung. Pp. vi, 371. Price, 6s. 1912.
- VEIT AND COMP., Leipzig.  
*Aristoteles Lehre vom Ursprung des Menschlichen Geistes.* By Franz Brentano. Pp. iv, 165. Price, 6 m. 1911.
- WASHBOURNE, London.  
*On Kindness.* From the French of Very Rev. J. Guibert S.S. Pp. 150. Price, 1s. 3d. net. 1912. *On Character.* Same author. Pp. 170. Price, 1s. 3d. net. 1912. *On Thanksgiving.* Compiled by Hon. Alison Stourton from Father Faber's writings. Pp. 150. Price, 1s. 3d. net. 1912. *The Mustard Tree.* By O. R. Vassall-Phillips C.S.S.R. Pp. xxxii, 530. Price, 5s. net. 1912. *The Unbeliever: a Romance of Lourdes.* By a Non-Catholic. Pp. 243. Price, 3s. 6d. 1912. *Roman Documents and Decrees.* Edited by Rev. D. Dunford. Feb. 1912.

